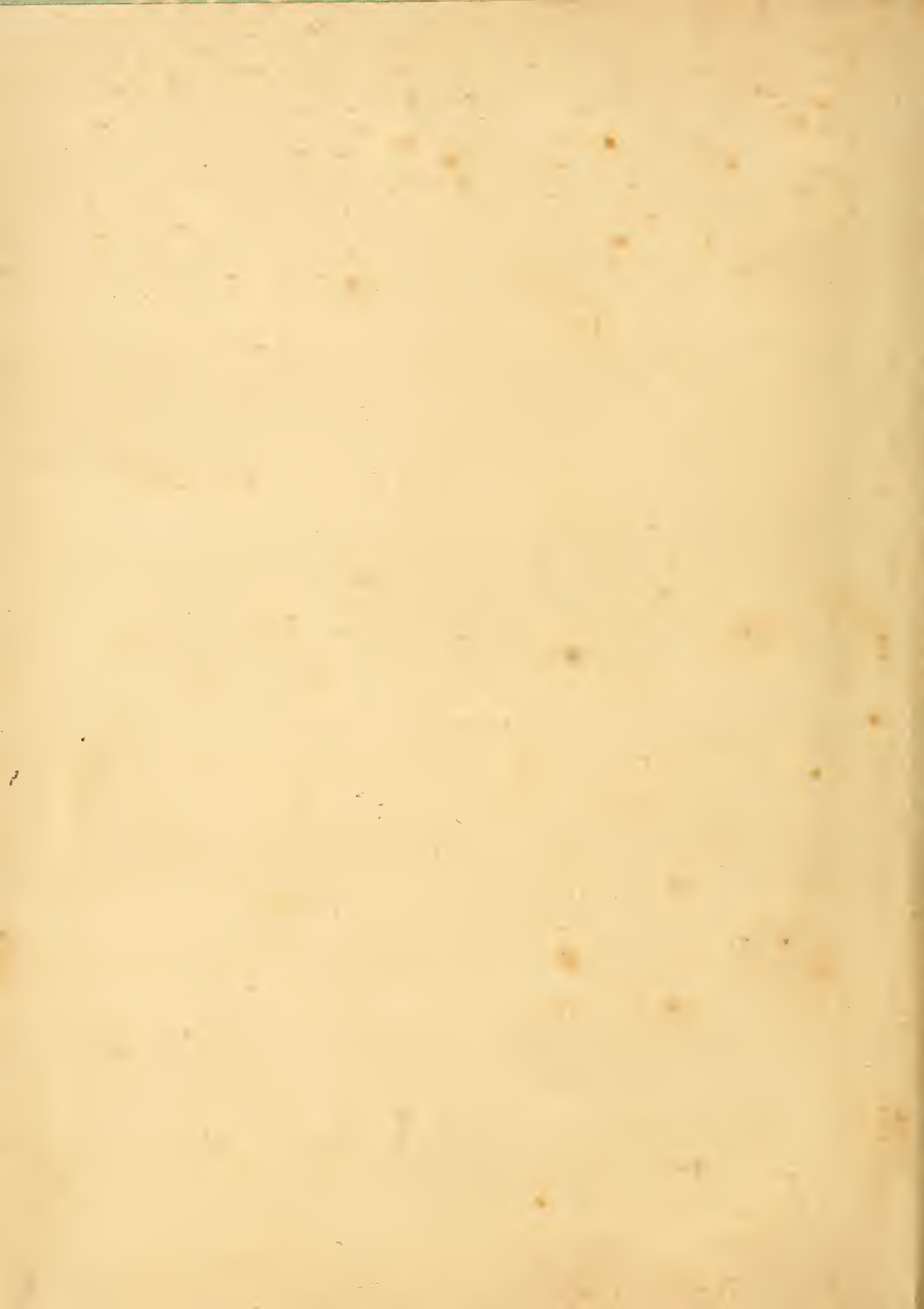








What did we
 have for tests and
 measurements today?
 Don't forget S.T.C. - don't
 forget I.D.A. - don't forget S.T.C. in fact
 and you'll be all right now. I certainly
 love you all right - and I'm not
 going to give you a chance to forget me.
 I'll see you in W + M. this summer.
 Love,
 Ida Claire

Shida -
 Tell for you
 Hello for you
 Tommy



Miss Y - makes
 me sick. She can't look
 any how. I bet I can do
 better than that any day.
 I remember that? Gee but we've
 had some better times hasn't
 we? All in all, aileen I think it??
 has been great & I'll give you
 love but if you don't
 want me any more
 I'll take my leave
 without a word
 81 Congress St
 Cambridge, Mass
 Shida, our room
 is now, didn't
 you, didn't
 I'll give you
 a piece of
 paper, Bill
 Richmond

I certainly am sorry
 that we are to part
 forever but I don't
 know what I forgot
 how to say it
 I'll see you
 in W + M. this summer.
 Love,
 Ida Claire

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and faint, illegible handwritten markings scattered across its surface. A prominent dark circular hole is visible near the top center of the page. The overall tone is warm and vintage.

[Handwritten notes:]

So much
over amount
I want you
to make
out.

[Crossed-out text:]

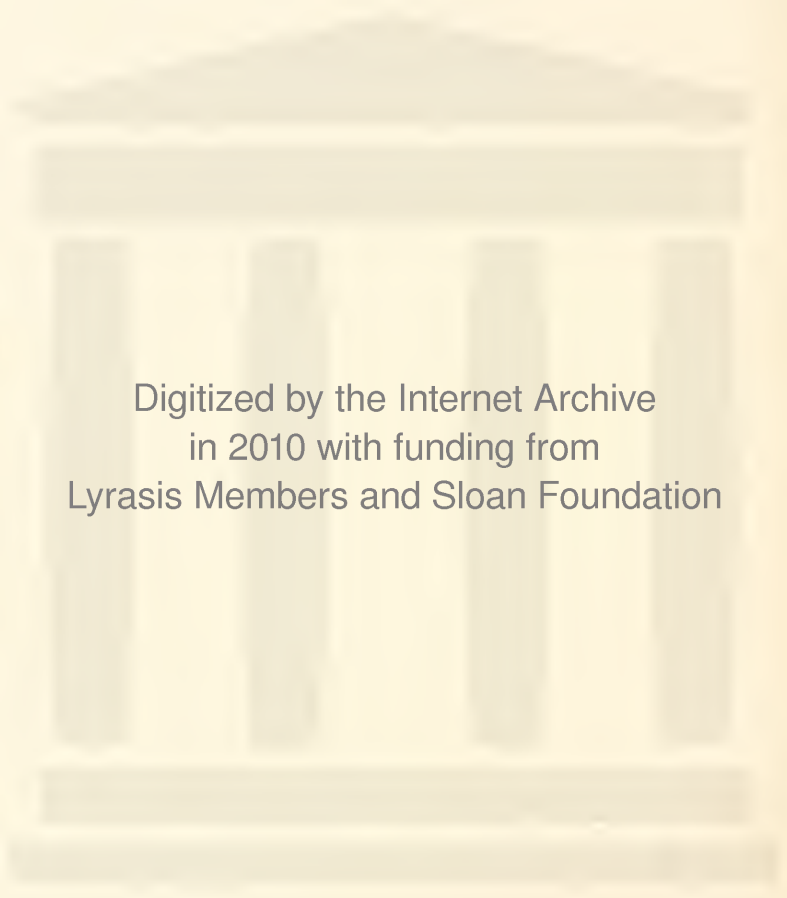
Careful Study
with hard
work



I like it:
 Please don't forget
 the nice one used.
 Love,
 May Brothers

I like it:
 eyes, baggy
 to see
 really hard
 you know it
 that's just
 Hilarious
 I'm not
 I'll be in

Allen - When did you
 hear from Cousin Jack...?
 That's what all him Cousin
 if you like - they all do -
 not having



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May you receive all the good things of life.
Cecil Anderson

The battlefield

nineteen twenty six



state teachers college
fredericksburg virginia

Foreword



Before each of us has stretched a different path throughout our college year—a path not always smooth and sunny, but one whose windings have strengthened us, and whose loveliness has glorified us. Now at the cross-roads of our year, as we stand together for one last time, may we look back and see again the gladness and the joy of a year well spent. May we gather to our hearts each friendship made, each lesson learned, each carefree hour of frolic, each bit of loveliness that caught our breath. And then, beautified and enriched by what has gone before, may we go forward gallantly, with heads held high, to face what is to come. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



For the labor, time
and good will given
by those who have
helped us, the Battle-
field Staff wishes to
express its sincere
thanks. ~ ~ ~

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In Appreciation of
the Standards of Beauty and Service
which she has unconsciously held
before us, we Dedicate this Issue of
the Battlefield
to
Olive Garrison

*W*HILE we are struggling madly
To keep our heads above the waves of life,
Life ebbs and flows around us;
We only taste the bitter salt
Of futile breakers in their swirling strife,
While Life, the moon-drawn tide, sweeps out
And leaves us stranded.



the hill



*Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.*
—Keats.



Earth hath not anything to show more fair.
— Wordsworth.



*Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content.*

—Henley.



Winter is come and gone!



To these I turn, in these I trust.
—Sassoon.



My delight and thy delight.
—Bridges.



Between the tides of day and night.



How oft in spirit have I turned to thee!
—Wordsworth.



It is a beauteous evening, calm and free.
—Wordsworth.



*Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu.*
—Shelley.



Oh, wind, if winter comes, can spring be far behind?
—Shelley.



*Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.*

—Keats.



*We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.*
—Whittier.



*No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow.*

—Whittier.



*For it had been an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree.*

—Spenser.



*Oh, bitter chill it was;
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.*
—Keats.



*Winter, yelling thru the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes. — Collins.*



An' weary winter comin' fast.
—Burns



*Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes
And fondly broods with miser care.*
—Goldsmith

THE GOSPEL OF ART

Work thou for pleasure;
paint or sing or carve oo

The thing thou lovest,
though the body starve.

Who works for glory oo
misses oft the goal; o

Who works for money
sells his very soul; oo

Work for the work's sake
then, and it may be oo

That these things shall
be added unto thee. oo

Kenyon Cox

Desire



NLY to paint with power of pen
A few of the things God gave to men;
Only to write of wind and sea,
With foaming waves and sea-gulls free,
Of winding roads and rose-clad walls,
Of spires, of roofs, of mirrored halls;
Only to tell of wintry nights,
Of a low-swung moon, of frost-glazed lights;
To picture a branch where petals swim,
Or tell of orchards, leaf-laden—dim;
Only to bring the scent of flowers
From sun-drenched fields to dusky towers:
A pen so great would rule the earth,
And God would judge it for its worth.

—LOUISE STEUART, '26.



A. B. CHANDLER, JR.
President



MRS. CHARLES LAKE BUSHNELL
Dean of Women



B. Y. TYNER
Academic Dean



Faculty



DR. W. J. YOUNG
Professor Social Science

JOSEPHINE JERRELL
Assistant Professor Social Science

FLORENCE V. CORSON
Supervisor Training School

ETHEL ISABEL SUMMY
Supervisor Training School and Professor Education

LOUISE GREEN
Assistant Professor Education

LULU C. DANIEL
Professor English

MARGARET D. MOORE
Assistant Professor English

JEAN ROSBOROUGH
Assistant Professor English and French

ELIZABETH MCKENZIE
Assistant Professor English

19 twenty six





Faculty



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Professor Physical Education

ELLEN DONOHUE

Assistant Professor Physical Education

PAGE HARRISON

Assistant Professor Physical Education

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Professor Ancient and Modern Languages

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Professor Science

MARY VIRGINIA MILLIGAN

Professor Science

W. N. HAMLET

Professor Mathematics

KATHRYN HUNTER

Professor Home Economics

MRS. DALIA RUFF

Dietician and Assistant Dean of Women

19 twenty six





Faculty



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Professor Fine and Industrial Arts

MAUDE M. JESSUP

Assistant Professor Fine and Industrial Arts

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Assistant Professor Fine and Industrial Arts

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Professor Music

BESS A. HUEY

Assistant Professor Music

SALLIE NORRIS

Assistant Professor Music

NORA C. WILLIS

Assistant Professor Music

HILDA HAYNIE

School Nurse and Instructor of Health Education

DR. C. MASON SMITH

School Physician

19 twenty six





Faculty



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Professor Commercial Education

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Assistant Professor Commercial Education

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Treasurer and Bookkeeper

NANCY MCCLEARY

Secretary to President

MOLLIE COATES

Secretary to Dean and Assistant Professor Commercial Education

FRANCES THOMPSON

Librarian

ANNIE CLARK

Postmistress

ELINOR HAYES

Supervisor Training School

GENEVA HALTERMAN

Supervisor Training School

19 twenty six



1. Mrs. J. H. ...
 2. Mrs. J. H. ...
 3. Mrs. J. H. ...
 4. Mrs. J. H. ...
 5. Mrs. J. H. ...
 6. Mrs. J. H. ...
 7. Mrs. J. H. ...
 8. Mrs. J. H. ...
 9. Mrs. J. H. ...



Faculty



OLIVE BERRY

Supervisor Training School

BERYL BARBER WILLIS

Supervisor Training School

RUTH FERRIS

Supervisor Training School

CLARA MAE JESSUP

Supervisor Training School

KATHERINE JESSUP

Supervisor Training School

GERTRUDE BOWLER

Supervisor Training School

MRS. HELEN CARMICHAEL

Supervisor Training School





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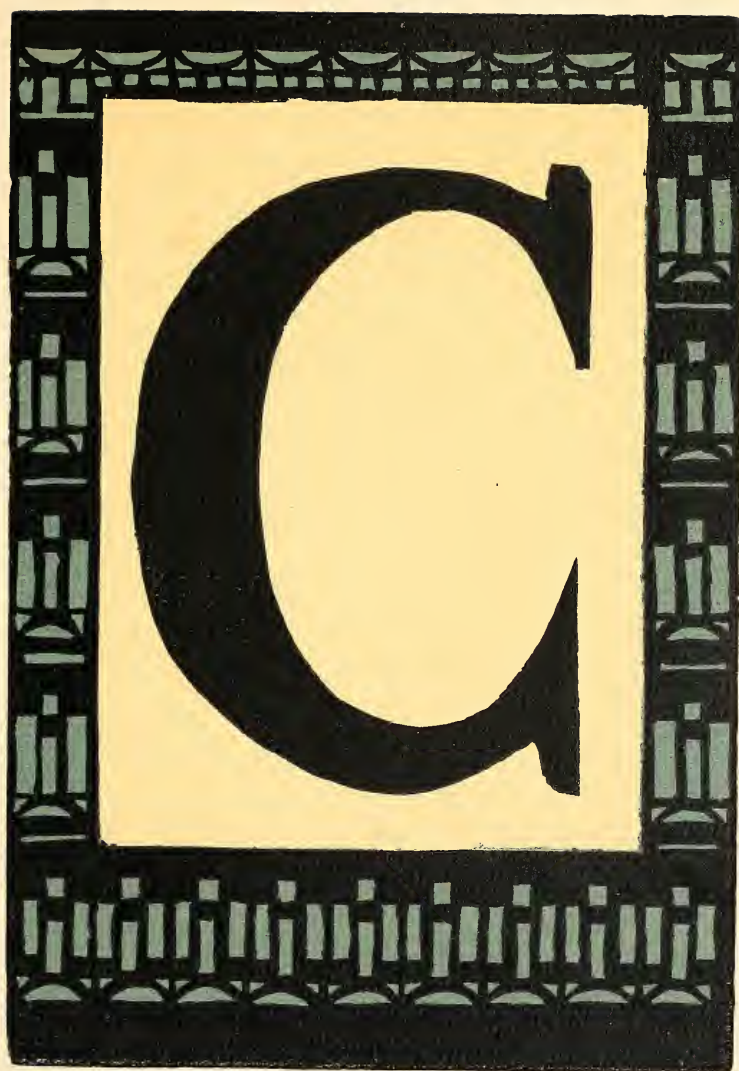
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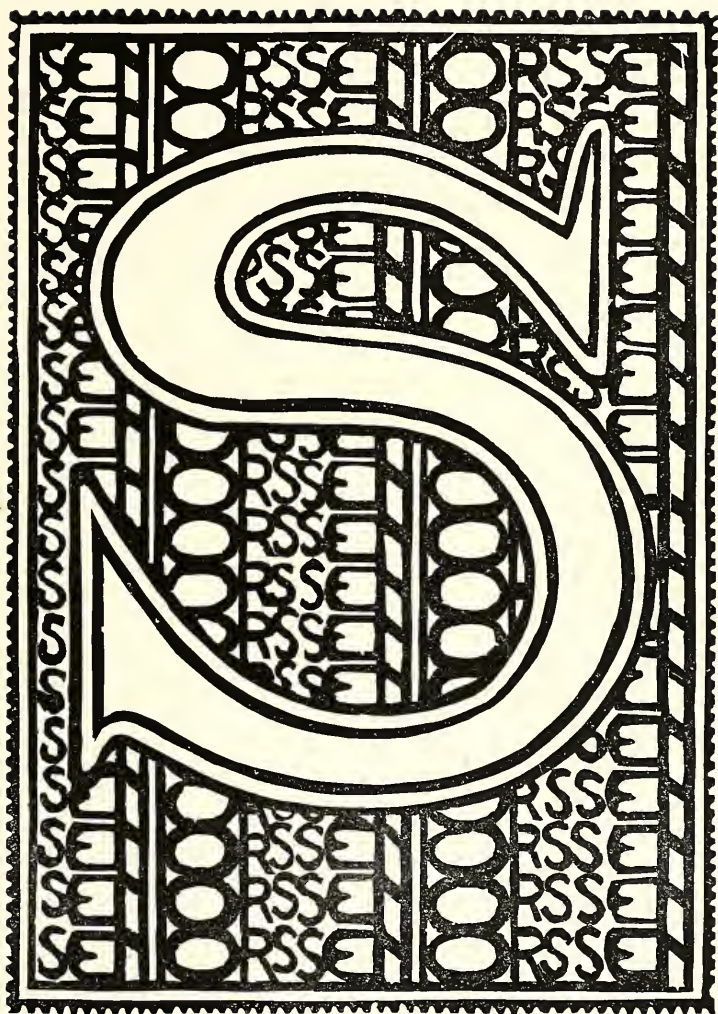
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Richmond

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Secretary-Auditor
Farmville







MISS EVA TAYLOR EPPES

Adviser

M. PARKE ANDERSON

Covington, Va.

° °

B. S. PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC

° °

President Senior Class.....	1925-26
Little Cabinet Y. W. C. A.....	1923-24
Senior Singers	1923-24
Junior Q. Q.....	1922-23
College Quartet.....	1925-26
Southwest Virginia Club.....	1924-26
Virginia Reel Club.....	1922-26
Musicians' Club.....	1922-26



VIRGINIA PLATT WILLIAMS

Fredericksburg, Va.

° °

B. S. ART

° °

Vice-President Senior Class.....	1926
Art Editor Battlefield.....	1924-25-26
Senior Tennis Doubles.....	1926
Hockey, Baseball, Basketball.....	1926
Chairman Publicity of A. A.....	1926
K. K.....	1923
Art Club	



the battlefield

Right here by
my picture I
wish going to
write so you
can't help from
looking at me.
Maes about
profession I
allows you who
is a nice girl
and love
you just lots.
Write to me this
summer's next
year.
Love,
Luray.



LURAY E. LEWIS

Village, Va.

o o

B. S. COMMERCIAL

o o

Secretary Senior Class	1926
Y. W. C. A.	1922-23-24-25
Athletic Association	1922-23-24
Baseball Team	1924-25
Hockey Team	1925
K ³	1925-26
Manuscript Editor "Bullet"	1926

JOHN McCORKLE RUFF

Fredericksburg, Va.

o o

B. S. EDUCATION

o o

Treasurer Senior Class	1926
Vice-President Athletic Association, 1924	
Glee Club	1923-24-25-26
Junior Twelve	1923
Senior Singers	1924
Shenandoah Club	1925
Secretary Student Government	1924
Treasurer Y. W. C. A.	1926

LILY MAE BROOKS

Newport News, Va.

° °

B. S. HISTORY AND ENGLISH

° °

Athletic Club
Hampton Roads Club
Virginia Reel Club
Senior Class Hockey Team
Big Cabinet Y. W. C. A.
Newport News Club
French Club

NETTIE MARGARET BROOKS

Bowling Green, Va.

° °

B. S. HISTORY AND ENGLISH

° °

Y. W. C. A.

Athletic Club.....1923-24-26
Virginia Reel Club.....1924
Washington Literary Society1923-24
Senior Hockey Team.....1926
Senior Baseball Team1926
Senior Basketball Team.....1926





DOROTHY CHILES
Fredericksburg, Va.

° °
B. S. COMMERCIAL
° °

Basketball Team	1922-23
Baseball Team	1922-23
Undergraduate Representative	
Y. W. C. A.	1923-24
Business Manager "Bullet"	1924-25-26
Hockey Team	1925-26
Baseball Team	1925-26
Captain Basketball Team	1925-26
K ³	



KATHEREENE COATES
Oak Grove, Va.

° °
B. S. ENGLISH AND HISTORY
° °

Virginia Reel Club	1922-26
Hiking Club	1922-24
Athletic Association	1922-24-25-26
Riding Club	1925-26
Maury Literary Society	1922-24
Class Baseball Team	1925-26
Big Cabinet Y. W. C. A.	1924-25

RUBY DILLARD
Fredericksburg, Va.

° °
B. S. PHYSICAL EDUCATION
° °

Hockey Varsity.....1926
Class Teams.....1923-24-26
K. K.

RUBY MAY DRATT
Woodford, Va.

° °
B. S. HISTORY AND ENGLISH
° °

Music Club.....1923-24-25-26
Washington Literary Society, 1922-23-24
Athletic Association.....1922-23-24
Hiking Club.....1922-23
Treasurer Caroline Club.....1924-25
Y. W. C. A.



the battlefield



GLADYS AMELIA GRAY

Woodford, Va.

° °

B. S. EDUCATION

° °

Captain Baseball Team.....	1922-26
Basketball Team	1922-26
Hockey Second Varsity Squad.....	1926
Hiking Club.....	1922-23
Art Club	1926
Vice-President Caroline Club	1925
Big Cabinet Y. W. C. A.....	1922-26
Athletic Club.....	1925-26



LUCY LAWSON HOUSTON

Alexandria, Va.

° °

B. S. PHYSICAL EDUCATION

° °

Varsity Hockey	1925-26
Class Teams.....	1922-23-24-25-26
Athletic Club	1924-25-26
"Battlefield" Staff.....	1924-25
Chairman Social Committee	
Y. W. C. A.....	1925-26
Fire Captain of Frances Willard,	
	1925-26
Skeleton Club.....	1924-25
Black Hand Club	1925-26

MARY JETER

Penola, Va.

B. S. EDUCATION

Virginia Reel Club.....	1923-24-25-26
Athletic Club	1926
Hockey Team.....	1926
Baseball Team	1926
Music Club.....	1924
Caroline Club.....	1925
Athletic Association.....	1923-24
Hiking Club.....	1923



ETHEL KATHLEEN KESSLER

Newport News, Va.

B. S. HISTORY AND ENGLISH

Student Council.....	1925-26
Secretary and Treasurer Newport News Club.....	1925-26
Athletic Club	
Junior Basketball Team.....	1925-26
Junior Hockey Team	1925-26
Hiking Club	
Big Cabinet Y. W. C. A.	



the battlefield



ELIZABETH MORRISON

Fredericksburg, Va.

° °

B. S. PHYSICAL EDUCATION

° °

Hockey Varsity	1925-26
Hockey Class Team	1925-26
Basketball Class Team	1924-26
Baseball Class Team	1924-26
Athletic Club	1925-26
Skeleton Club	1924-26



VIRGINIA LOUISE STEUART

Relay, Md.

° °

B. S. EDUCATION

° °

Tennis Team	1923-24-25-26
Hockey Team	1926
Senior Representative	1926
Black Hand Club	1926
Literary Editor "Bullet"	1926
Glee Club	1923-24-25-26
Dramatic Club	1926
Art Club	1926

MARGARET ELIZABETH SUTTON

Bluefield, W. Va.

B. S. ART

Black Hand Club.....	1926
Chairman Publicity Committee	
Y. W. C. A.....	1926
President Art Club.....	1926
Secretary Southwest Virginia Club, 1926	
Assistant Art Editor "Battlefield,"	
	1925-26
Senior Hockey Squad.....	1926
Hiking Club.....	1925
Virginia Reel Club.....	1925-26

ELLA ELIZABETH TALLEY

Beaver Dam, Va.

B. S. HISTORY AND ENGLISH

Student Council	1924
Wit Editor "Battlefield".....	1924-25
President Junior Class	1924-25
Editor-in-Chief "Bullet"	1925-26
Art Club.....	1926
Black Hand Club.....	1926
Dramatic Club	1926



the battlefield



E. FRANCES WALKER
Culpeper Va.

B. S. LATIN AND ENGLISH

Black Hand Club.....	1926
Advertising Manager "Battlefield,"	1926
Chairman Vesper Committee	
Y. W. C. A.....	1925-26
Class Basketball Team	1924-26
Athletic Club.....	1924-26
Treasurer Junior Class.....	1924-25
Art Club	1925-26
Dramatic Club	1925-26

JULIET RICHIE WARE
Dunnsville, Va.

B. S. PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC

Glee Club.....	1919-20-21-24-25-26
Vice-President Student Government,	1920-21
Chairman Devotional Committee	
Y. W. C. A.....	1920-21
Cheer Leader.....	1920-21-24-25-26
Undergraduate Representative	
Y. W. C. A.....	1924-25
Secretary Athletic Club.....	1924-25
President Y. W. C. A.....	1925-26
Black Hand Club.....	1926

Senior Will



E, the Senior Class of the State Teachers College at Fredericksburg, Virginia, being sound in body and fully possessed of all the faculties of the mind, on this day do hereby make our last will and testament, trusting it to be carried out by our executors.

First—It is with pleasure we leave to the Class of 1927 “The School Junk Pile” (first floor, Frances Willard).

Second—To the Sophomores, our sister class, we leave our affection and prayers that they may outgrow their goatish characteristics.

Third—To the Freshmen we leave the fresh air on the campus, the jay-birds, the stone benches, Mr. McGhee’s company on Sunday afternoon, and our *Senior privileges*, to be automatically accepted under the direction of Dean Tyner.

Fourth—To the incoming Freshman class we leave the soft, easy fireside chairs and Persian rugs of Frances Willard parlor.

Fifth—To the honored faculty we leave our dignity, intellect, uncommon common sense, and other assets and liabilities necessary for a better faculty.

Sixth—To Mr. Chandler we leave our co-operation, the new wing of Virginia Hall, the Alumni Building, the swimming pool, and anything else along this imaginary line that he might happen to think of.

Seventh—To Mr. Tyner we leave our “attitude.”

Eighth—To Mrs. Bushnell, we leave, in passing, all the “tone on the hill” that we had added.

Ninth—To the BATTLEFIELD staff we leave an imaginary room in which to work, and as many Coca-Cola bottles as they desire.

Tenth—To Miss Milligan we leave the “Keep Off the Grass” signs.

The battlefield

I, Parke Anderson, do leave my athletic abilities to Kathrine Hatchett.

I, Lily Mae Brooks, do leave my scientific mind to Mary McLaughlin.

I, Margaret Brooks, do leave my history textbooks to another aspiring student.

I, Dorothy Chiles, do leave my perverted sense of humor to Dr. Young to razz his classes with.

I, Katherineene Coates, do leave my excellent survey of Washington schools to Dean Tyner and the incoming Administration Class.

I, Gladys Gray, do leave my sylph-like figure to Nancy Blanton.

I, Lucy Houston, do leave my supply of "Tales" to Dean Tyner, to be reorganized and reconstructed in order to give new meaning to the present experience of his classes and direct the course of subsequent experiences.

I, Mary Jeter, do leave my ability to "day dream" to Jack Harrison, so that she may know her name when called on.

I, Kitty Kessler, do leave to Kitty Murphy my flapperish ways.

I, Luray Lewis, do leave my loquaciousness to Julia Ellison.

I, Elizabeth Morrison, do leave my knowledge of medical science to Dr. Smith.

I, Louise Steuart, do leave my malapropisms to Cele McLaughlin, in order that she may become more intricate, prosaic and exotic.

I, Margaret Sutton, do leave my huckleberries to Mrs. Bushnell.

I, Ella Elizabeth Woody Talley, do leave my power to curl Dr. Young to Virginia Frazier.

I, E. Frances Walker, do leave my taxi service to some aspiring Freshman.

I, Juliet Ware, do leave "The Judge" to the entire class to choose from. O, Jericho!

I, John Ruff, do leave my artistic ability to use "make-up" to the Freshman Class.

I, Virginia Williams, do leave my power to pronounce words to the Dick-ionary.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto subscribed our name, and affixed our seal, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-six.

(Signed) THE DECREPID SENIORS.





MISS ELLEN DONOHUE

Adviser

- 64 -

CECELIA McLAUGHLIN
PRESIDENT

Lynchburg, Va.

° °

DOROTHY CHILDRESS
VICE-PRESIDENT

South Boston, Va.

° °

GRACE GOODWIN GIANNOTTI
SECRETARY

Newport News, Va.

° °



*Best of luck
and so glad
to see you
back in
the red*



BETSY BASSETT

Norfolk, Va.

° °

LUCY BILLINGSLEY

Lignum, Va.

° °

ALMA CONNELLY

Bristol, Va.

° °

ELIZABETH CRISMOND

Spotsylvania, Va.

° °

ANNE LEE CUNNINGHAM

Fredericksburg, Va.

° °

LUCY DAVIS

Agnawville, Va.

° °



the battlefield



BESSIE BYRD DICKINSON
Fredericksburg, Va.

° °



INDIA DIGGS
Portsmouth, Va.

° °



HENRIETTA DREIFUS
Alexandria, Va.

° °

JULIA ELLISON
Heathsville Va.

° °

ELLEN FOX
Newport News, Va.

° °

VIRGINIA FRAZIER
Bluefield, W. Va.

° °





GLADYS DRYSDALE GILLET
Newport News, Va.

° °

LUCY HOBSON
Dendron, Va.

° °

LENA JOHNSON
Woodford, Va.

° °

ROBERTA MCKENNEY

Thornburg, Va.

° °

MARY McLAUGHLIN

Lynchburg, Va.

° °

KATHERINE MICKS

Spotsylvania, Va.

° °





VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN

Danville, Va.

° °



SARA JOHN PARR

Windsor, Va.

° °



CATHERINE PERRY

Fredericksburg, Va.

° °

RUTH PREBBLE

Lynchburg, Va.

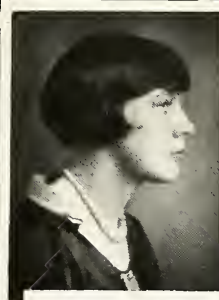
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MARY ALICE SPILLMAN

Index, Va.

° °



JESSIE SQUIRE

Hampton, Va.

° °



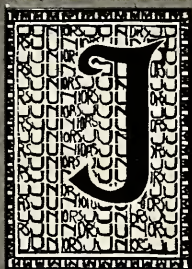
The battlefield



MABEL THOMPSON

Ashland, Va.

° °



JANE MASSIE WHITEHEAD

Amherst, Va.

Allene's portrait is
 of me as a little
 picture! But just
 Jane.

BERNICE WOOD
Oxford, N. C.

° °



MARY S. YOUNG
Warfield, Va.

° °



The battlefield

*They have told me to write a poem
About the Junior Class—
About all their achievements
And folks whom they surpass.*

*They don't possess the dignity
Which marks the Senior crew,
For Seniors are all dignified—
A maxim always true.*

*The high and mighty Sophomores
In the sophisticated stage—
Well, surely this Junior Class
Has passed their childish age!*

*The Freshmen lack all dignity,
They lack sophistication;
They came to college "green as gourds"
To get an education.*

*But what about the Juniors,
Who've been talked about in rhyme?
Well, I wish they'd written this thing,
So I could have saved my time.*





MISS MARION BARTLETT

Adviser

DOROTHY EVERETT HOLTON

"Dol"

President Sophomore Class '26
Fire Captain '26

Favorite Expression:

"I just can't STAND it."

Wants to Be:

Ballet dancer.

Will Be:

Football coach.

ANN ELIZABETH HOGAN

"Peggy Ann"

Vice-President Sophomore Class '26
Varsity Basketball '24-'26
Varsity Hockey '26

Favorite Expression:

"No indeedy."

Wants to Be:

Supervisor of that eighth-grade Junior High.

Will Be:

The writer of an essay on "Peanuts."

DUVAL CHRISTIAN

"Dooval"

Secretary Freshman Class '25
Fire Chief '26
Student Council '26

Favorite Expression:

"Hellez-vous."

Wants to Be:

Doctor.

Will Be:

Undertaker (for her own cases).

KATHRINE HATCHETT

"Kitty"

Class Treasurer '24-'26
Varsity Squad '24-'26

Favorite Expression:

(Censored.)

Wants to Be:

A Florence Nightingale (that's not a bird).

Will Be:

Embroidery teacher.



the battlefield



CARRIE ALLEN
"Carrie"

Favorite Expression:

"Golly Moses."

Wants to Be:

A math professor.

Will Be:

A clerk in Woolworth's.

° °

FANNIE BAKER
"Fannie"

Favorite Expression:

"I don't know."

Wants to Be:

A nurse.

Will Be:

Member of the Virginia Legislature.

° °

HILDA THOMAS BELOTE
"Hilda T."

President Eastern Shore Club
Varsity Basketball '26
Athletic Club

Favorite Expression:

"Ye gods!"

Wants to Be:

A physical education director at
W. & M.

Will Be:

A fashion model.

° °

LINDA WIRT BROADDUS
"Lin"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, I can't do that!"

Wants to Be:

A teacher in Pennsylvania.

Will Be:

Member of Russian ballet.

M. SUSIE BROADDUS
"Sue"

Entre-Nous '25

Favorite Expression:

"Dont brag."

Wants to Be:

A teacher.

Will Be:

A modern "Socrates."

o o

SALLY LORELLE BUSHONG
"Sally"

Favorite Expression:

"You never can tell."

Wants to Be:

A beauty parlor specialist.

Will Be:

A rich man's wife.

o o

FLORENCE CECIL CAIN
"Florentina"

Glee Club

Favorite Expression:

"My kingdom for a man."

Wants to Be:

A tourist abroad.

Will:

Vamp the Rajah.

o o

MARY LUCILLE CAIN
"Cele"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh! sompin, sompin, sompin."

Wants to Be:

A preacher's wife.

Will Be:

A chicken rancher.



the battlefield



GRACE ALMA CLUVERIUS

"Senac"

Y. W. C. A.

Virginia Reel

Favorite Expression:

"I'm so sorry."

Wants to Be:

Proctor on the "Back Hall."

Will Be:

Model for an Abingdon modiste shop.

° °

ESTELLE CONN

"Stell"

Favorite Expression:

"For crying out loud."

Wants to Be:

A senator.

Will Be:

Soap-box orator.

° °

ETHEL CONN

"Et"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, I've got so much work to do."

Wants to Be:

An A-1 teacher.

Will Be:

Society debutante.

° °

ELAINE ROBERTA CONNELLY

"Laine"

Favorite Expression:

"Sho'!"

Wants to Be:

Electrician's assistant.

Will Be:

Kindergarten specialist.



EMMA LOUISE COOKE

"Emmylou"

Vice-President Y. W. '26
Student Council

Favorite Expression:

"Glory Pete!"

Wants to Be:

Natural scientist at Cornell.

Will Be:

Chorus girl.

° °

ADELLE CORBIN

"Ad"

Favorite Expression:

"By gravy!"

Wants to Be:

A junior high school teacher.

Will Be:

A traveling salesman.

° °

EDITH MAE COSTEN

"Eddie"

Favorite Expression:

"My cat!"

Wants to Be:

Toe dancer.

Will Be:

School teacher.

° °

JULIETTE COLLIER COTTEN

"Jully"

Favorite Expression:

"Jimminee crickets!"

Wants to Be:

College teacher.

Will Be:

Grammar grade supervisor.



the ballfield



MILDRED CRAWFORD

"Mrs. Vanderbilt"

Secretary Freshman Class '24-'26

Treasurer Student Government '24-'26

Favorite Expression:

"Scotts in Himmel!"

Wants to Be:

Appreciated.

Will Be:

Appreciated both ways.

° °

ELIZABETH B. DECKER

"Deck"

Favorite Expression:

"Boo-hooing"

Wants to Be:

Violinist.

Will Be:

Professor of math.

° °

JULIA CHRISTIAN DICKINSON

"Jule"

Favorite Expression:

"My cat!"

Wants to Be:

Housekeeper for "him."

Will Be:

Head of Home Economic Department
in Culpeper.

° °

TECKLA DREIFUS

"Tec"

Business Manager Basketball '25-'26

Secretary of A. A. '25-'26

Business Manager of Hockey '25-'26

Favorite Expression:

"You would!"

Wants to Be:

Physical Education instructor.

Will Be:

Esthetic dancer.

BERTIE NANCY DRUMMOND

"Byrd"

Favorite Expression:

"Uh——!"

Wants to Be:

Gilda Gray's rival.

Will Be:

Physical Education director.

° °

MILDRED DRUMMOND

"Millie"

Favorite Expression:

"I don't know."

Wants to Be:

(Draw a check.)

Will Be:

A county superintendent.

° °

GLADYS LILLIAN DULANEY

"Gladys"

Favorite Expression:

"Well, I reckon."

Wants to Be:

Professor at Princeton.

Will Be:

A nervous wreck from studying.

° °

MARGARET HALE ENGLEBY

"Engleby"

Favorite Expression:

"Ain't so worse."

Wants to Be:

Alma Gluck II.

Will Be:

Leader of "Anti-rag-curled-hair movement."



Ellen dear don't forget
 north 7755- and 161-Edwards
 Please men both of them.
 I like you first lots.
 Love.
 K. J.

the battlefield



KATHRYN LUCILLE EVERETT

"Kaky"

Favorite Expression:

"My word!"

Wants to Be:

Champion tennis player.

Will Be:

Councillor of Kamp-Kalart.

° °

EVELYN BOLLING FEILD

"Lyn"

Little Cabinet '26

Favorite Expression:

"Goodness me!" (Very mild.)

Wants to Be:

Member of Congress.

Will Be:

Justice of the Peace.

° °

SADIE LEE FISHER

"Sadilla"

Favorite Expression:

"Cat's pow-wow!"

Wants to Be:

A doctor.

Will Be:

A doctor's wife.

° °

FLORENCE LEIGH FARKNER

"Florence Leigh"

Favorite Expression:

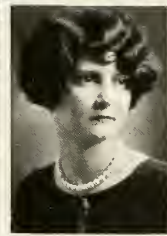
"Oh! I've got so much work to do."

Wants:

To talk like a Missourian.

Will Be:

Industrious housewife.



ANNE SLATER FRANKS

"Jack"

Favorite Expression:

"Little small."

Wants to Be:

Head nurse at Williamsburg Asylum.

Will Be:

Assistant to Miss Katherine Jessup.

° °

BEATRICE EULA GALLAGHER

"Bee"

Favorite Expression:

"I declare to goodness, I've got so much work to do."

Wants to Be:

A perfect school-teacher.

Will Be:

A flapper.

° °

ALMA GARDNER

"Al"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh! for cat's sake."

Wants to Be:

A music professor.

Will Be:

An Olympic champion.

° °

ANNIE MARGARET GLADSTONE

"Anne"

Favorite Expression:

"My cat!"

Wants to Be:

A nurse.

Will Be:

A mere player of words.



the battlefield



PANSY PAULINE GLENN

"Pan"

Favorite Expression:

"Dag-nab it."

Wants to Be:

Professor of English.

Will Be:

A "Mrs."

° °

ANNA PAIGE GREEN

"Page"

Favorite Expression:

"Jinny-mule!"

Wants to Be:

An actress.

Will Be:

Just an old-fashioned girl.

° °

FRANCES GRESHAM

"Frances"

Favorite Expression:

"Dog if I know."

Wants to Be:

A REAL primary teacher.

Will Be:

A politician.

° °

EDNA EARL GRIFFIN

"Jack"

Favorite Expression:

"Doncha know?"

Wants to Be:

A nurse.

Will Be:

A perfect little home-maker.

MARIA GROTON

"Ria"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh! my."

Wants to Be:

A minister's wife.

Will Be:

Somebody else's wife.

o o

SUSIE E. GUY

"Sue"

Eastern Shore Club

Y. W. C. A.

Virginia Reel Club

Favorite Expression:

"Me, too."

Wants to Be:

Queen of a "Gallant King."

Will Be:

A missionary to China.

o o

LOIS HAMILTON

"Pinky"

Favorite Expression:

"And I thought I'd have hysteria!"

Wants to Be:

President of the U. S.

Will Be:

Mayor of her home town.

o o

DOROTHY HANMER

"Dot-Dot-Dash-Dash"

Secretary Athletic Association

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, I'm so mad!"

Wants to Be:

A nurse.

Will Be:

Telegraph operator.



the battlefield



KATHRYN HARDING

"Kat"

Favorite Expression:

"My cat!"

Wants to Be:

Charleston dancer.

Will Be:

Tight-rope dancer in a circus.

° °

DOROTHY HARRIS

"Dot"

Favorite Expression:

"Well, Lawd!"

Wants to Be:

Trained Nurse.

Will Be:

Her mama's baby.

° °

MARY HATTON

"Hat"

Favorite Expression:

"Well, you see—"

Wants to Be:

A school-teacher.

Will Be:

A school principal.

° °

ELSIE HAYNIE

"Else"

Favorite Expression:

"You make me sick."

Wants to Be:

A traveler.

Will Be:

A tramp.

ALLENE HEADLEY

"Sheik"

Fire Captain
Vice-President Northern Neck Club '25-'26
Y. W. C. A. '25-'26
Athletic Club '26
Virginia Reel Club '26

Favorite Expression:

"'Deed I do."

Wants to Be:

A doctor.

Will Be:

Veterinary surgeon.

° °

MAE HILDEBRAND

"Mae"

Favorite Expression:

"I'll be glad to."

Wants to Be:

A conscientious teacher.

Will Be:

A farmer's wife.

° °

CECELIA MARIE HILLER

"Cele"

Virginia Reel Club
Y. W. C. A.
Twin City Club

Favorite Expression:

"How 'bout it?"

Wants to Be:

A tourist.

Will:

Succeed in touring a one-room school.

° °

LOIS HOWARD

"Lois"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh—I"

Wants to Be:

A shark at reading Beowulf to Miss Moore.

Will Be:

A chorus girl.



the battlefield



GENEVIEVE NINE JACKSON

"Beeza"

Favorite Expression:

"Yes, indeedy."

Wants to Be:

Dietician.

Will Be:

Demonstrator of heater.

° °

KATHERINE GATEWOOD JENKINS

"Kat"

Favorite Expression:

"My cow!"

Wants to Be:

Head of English Department at S.

T. C.

Will Be:

Teaching Greek to the Chinese.

° °

MABEL JACQUELIN JESTER

"Little Mabel"

Favorite Expression:

"Now, don't split your—!"

Wants to Be:

The second "Christy."

Will Be:

A "Mrs. P—" with a brood of thirteen.

° °

HELEN JOHNSON

"Little Chick"

Favorite Expression:

"You know better!"

Wants to Be:

Actress.

Will Be:

Wife of a Member of Parliament.

HELEN ELIZABETH JOHNSON
"Lib"

Secretary-Treasurer Entre-Nous

Favorite Expression:

"Well, I'll be!"

Wants to Be:

Second Miss Summy in Junior High
School work.

Will Be:

Beauty and barber specialist.

° °

GERTRUDE TURNER JONES
"Gertie"

Favorite Expression:

"So much work!"

Wants to Be:

An old maid.

Will Be:

Famous music composer.

° °

LAURA SALE JORDON
"Ole Jordon"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, Gosh!"

Wants to Be:

A dietician.

Will Be:

The "fat lady" in the circus.

° °

ROSALIE ST. CLAIR KILMON
"Rosal"

Virgin'a Reel Club
Eastern Shore Club
Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"Can't wait."

Wants to Be:

An expert authority on "peaches."

Will Be:

A "typical" old maid.



The battlefield



RUBY ESTELLE KEATON

"Rube"

Favorite Expression:

"I'll be ting-sing!"

Wants to Be:

A nurse.

Will Be:

A very ultra-modern person.

° °

MATTIE PENDLETON KEAN

"Mattie"

Favorite Expression:

"My stars!???"

Wants to Be:

Instructor in Physical Education.

Will Be:

A leading Follies' girl.

° °

ROSA BAIRD LANE

"Rosa B."

Chairman of Finance Committee, Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"My stars!"

Wants to Be:

Fat.

Will Be:

In a circus.

° °

NANCY LEE

"Nawncy"

Favorite Expression:

"Will you lend this to me over the week-end?"

Wants to Be:

Blue ribbon horsewoman.

Will Be:

Compiler of family trees.

ALICE LONGWORTH LEWIS

"Lewis"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, my golly!"

Wants to Be:

An instructor in Physical Education.

Will Be:

Traffic cop.

o o

GWENDOLYN LINCOLN

"Gwen"

Virginia Reel

Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"Well, Lawd!"

Wants to Be:

A bachelor-girl.

Will Be:

A divorcee.

o o

MARIAN VIRGINIA LOKEY

"Con"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, me!"

Wants to Be:

English teacher.

Will Be:

A cartoonist.

o o

IDA CLAIRE LUBKOVITZ

"I Declare"

Favorite Expression:

"I didn't want to, anyhow!"

Wants to Be:

Short-story writer.

Will Be:

Steamboat captain.



the battlefield



MABEL WILLIE LYNCH

"Big Mabel"

Treasurer K³

Favorite Expression:

"Well, I tell you right now."

Wants to Be:

Perfect school teacher, but married at 30.

Will Be:

Head of Commercial Department of J. M. H. S.

° °

VIRGINIA LOUISE LYNCH

"Maggie"

Sophomore Cheer Leader '24-'25-'26

Vice-President K³

Secretary South-West Virginia Club '25-'26

Favorite Expression:

"Do you think the rain will hurt the rhubarb?"

Wants to Be:

Designer.

Will Be:

Designer of the S. T. C. fashions in Paris.

° °

MARY LIMERICK

"Mary"

Favorite Expression:

"Ah!"

Wants to Be:

A private secretary.

Will Be:

Somebody's stenog.

° °

HILDA MANIERI

"Hilly"

Treasurer Student Government Association

Favorite Expression:

"Be quiet, girls."

Wants to Be:

A scientist.

Will Be:

A governess.

THELMA FAY MARTIN

"Fayette"

Favorite Expression:

"By gosh!"

Wants to Be:

An interior decorator.

Will Be:

A jumping-jack.

° °

GRACE HOLTON MASON

"Holt"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, gosh!"

Wants to Be:

A degree student.

Will Be:

An orator.

° °

MARGARET MCCARRICK

"Mac"

Favorite Expression:

"Don't ever think it."

Wants to Be:

Aesthetic dancer.

Will Be:

Salvation Army lassie.

° °

VIRGINIA DARE MCCARTHY

"Dick"

Favorite Expression:

"Well, whoever did?"

Wants to Be:

A Parisienne model.

Will Be:

Somebody's darling.



the ballfield



PAULINE MCGEE

"Paul"

Favorite Expression:

"Pipe down."

Wants to Be:

Caretaker in a public park.

Will Be:

President of Better Government Association.

° °

KATHERINE LEAH MEARS

"Kat"

Favorite Expression:

"See you in the funny paper."

Wants to Be:

A mathematician.

Will Be:

A Latin teacher.

° °

CARMEN AMELIA MEJIA

"Carmita"

Favorite Expression:

"My gracious!"

Wants to Be:

Professor of Modern Languages at Columbia.

Will Be:

Toe dancer in the Follies.

° °

KATHLEEN MARSHALL MOFFETT

"Kat"

Favorite Expression:

"Dog-gone."

Wants to Be:

A toe dancer.

Will Be:

A debutante.

APHRA MOORE

"Aph"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, pshaw!"

Wants to Be:

An authoress.

Will Be:

An English teacher.

° °

ANNA MORRIS

"Anna"

Y. W. C. A.

Virginia Reel Club

Favorite Expression:

"Yeah."

Wants to Be:

Private secretary to "?"

Will Be:

"Dictated" to.

° °

PAGE MOYERS

"Parrot"

Favorite Expression:

"Ba-a-a."

Wants to Be:

A teacher of one.

Will Be:

A great musician.

° °

ANNA MAE NOELL

"Cooney"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, pshaw!"

Wants to Be:

Changeable.

Will Be:

No one knows.



the battlefield



VIRGINIA DAVIS O'BRIEN

"Ditty"

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"That's crummy."

Wants to Be:

Kind to every one.

Will Be:

A lifelong instructor in Home Economics.

° °

GEORGE OVERMAN

"Georgie"

Favorite Expression:

"For Pete's sake."

Wants to Be:

Most anything.

Will Be:

The conventional thing.

° °

ROSA PALMER

"Rose"

Favorite Expression:

"But listen, Looney."

Wants to Be:

A missionary.

Will Be:

A cook for him.

° °

FANNIE PARROT

"Fan"

Favorite Expression:

"Gee whiz!"

Wants to Be:

A milliner.

Will Be:

A housekeeper.

MARY W. PEARSON

"Winder"

Twin City Club
Virginia Reel Club
Hiking Club

Favorite Expression:

"My gracious sakes."

Wants to Be:

A graduate of corrective gym.

Will Be:

A major in History of Education.

IRENE PEMPIER

"Irene"

Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"Is that so?"

Wants to Be:

Athletic instructor at Sargent.

Will Be:

Coach of the basketball team at the
"Old Ladies' Home."

MARGARET ELEANOR PHILLIPS

"Peggy"

Eastern Shore Club
Y. W. C. A.
Virginia Reel Club

Favorite Expression:

"My darling."

Wants:

To gain the only "Free-man."

Will Be:

Pianist in Elmore's Carnival.

RUTH PHILLIPS

"Rufus"

President Richmond-Petersburg Club
Sergeant-at-Arms K³
Chairman Refreshment Committee, Athletic
Association

Favorite Expression:

"I hope I don't feel squelched!"

Wants to Be:

"Hard-hearted Hannah."

Will Be:

A "Mrs."



the battlefield



MAE PICKERING

"Pick"

Favorite Expression:

"So much for that."

Wants to Be:

Kind to every one.

Will Be:

A lifelong instructor in Home Ec.

° °

FANNIE CATHERINE POLLARD

"Fannie-Sallie"

Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"My heavens."

Wants to Be:

Latin instructor.

Will Be:

Grand opera star.

° °

SALLY JACKSON POLLARD

"Sallie-Fannie"

Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, my goodness!"

Wants to:

Travel.

Will Be:

Traveling on the R., F. & P. selling
"pop."

° °

DOROTHY POND

"Dot"

Favorite Expression:

"'Deed I don't know."

Wants to Be:

The wife of a young lawyer.

Will Be:

A school ma'm.

MARIAN SYDNOR PORTER

"Marian"

Virginia Reel Club

Y. W. C. A. Big Cabinet

Favorite Expression:

"Huntsy."

Wants to:

Handle dumbbells.

Will Be:

Athletic instructor in the Campus
School gymnasium.

° °

DOROTHY OVERTON POST

"Dorothy"

Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"Well, now, I don't know about that."

Wants to Be:

A chorus girl.

Will Be:

Famous Ziegfield Follies' girl.

° °

MARY QUINN

"Miss Sin"

Secretary "Krabba Klub"

Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"For goodness sakes."

Wants to Be:

Flapper with a boyish bob.

Will Be:

Academic dean at "Lee Hill."

° °

ANNE LOUISE RAIFORD

"Lou"

Secretary Virginia Reel Club '25-'26

Fire Captain '25-'26

Sophomore Cheer Leader '25-'26

Favorite Expression:

"Not choo, but me."

Wants to Be:

Interior decorator.

Will Be:

Foreign Missionary to Parkapolis.



the battlefield



NORMA DUNSTAN REDFORD

"Red"

Favorite Expression:

"Well, see if I care."

Wants to:

Marry a millionaire.

Will Be:

Dean of women at Fredericksburg.

° °

IRENE ELIZABETH RHEA

"Irene"

Favorite Expression:

"Shut up!"

Wants to:

"Chuck" everything.

Will Be:

A "Hunter."

° °

ANNIE LAURA RHODES

"Mrs. Rutter"

Favorite Expression:

"Working hard."

Wants to Be:

A M. R. S.

Will Be:

"Missed."

° °

BERTHA RIGHTER

"Bertie"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, sugar!"

Wants to Be:

Head of the Commercial Department
at F. S. T. C.

Will Be:

A clerk in an Atlantic and Pacific tea
store.

EDITH CLARICE ROLLINS

"Rice"

Favorite Expression:

"Well, Lord."

Wants to Be:

A "Shriner."

Will Be:

A "Mason."

° °

VIVIAN DOROTHY ROLLINS

"Dizzy"

Favorite Expression:

"Is that right?"

Wants to:

Get a diamond ring.

Will:

Get a "slave" bracelet.

° °

MARIE BRUCE ROSE

"Squeak"

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, my!"

Wants to Be:

A nurse.

Will Be:

Nature study teacher at Lee Hill.

° °

ANNA ROSENBLATT

"Anna"

Favorite Expression:

"Honey."

Wants to Be:

Bareback rider.

Will Be:

A Ford driver.



The battlefield



FRANCES ROSENBLATT

"Frenchy"

Favorite Expression:

"I was going to say."

Wants to Be:

A star in the educational world.

Will Be:

An opera star.

° °

VIRGINIA FIELD RUFF

"Virginia"

Favorite Expression:

"My gracious."

Wants to Be:

A bride.

Will Be:

Flower girl.

° °

VIOLETTE STANLEY SHEFFIELD

"Shef"

Favorite Expression:

"I don't keer."

Wants to:

Travel.

Will Be:

A traveling salesman.

° °

ELIZABETH IRENE SHEPHERD

"Betsy"

Favorite Expression:

"Hello, Pete."

Wants to Be:

A doctor's wife.

Will Be:

A nurse.

MARY DOROTHY SMITH

"Dot"

Favorite Expression:

"My cat!"

Wants:

To hold an Olympic record.

Will Be:

A great musician.

o o

MARY LEE SPILLMAN

"Mary Lee"

Vice-President Dramatic Club '26

Favorite Expression:

"My cat!"

Wants to Be:

Professor's wife.

Will Be:

Successful.

o o

ALICE EDWARDS STONE

"Alice"

Favorite Expression:

"My land!"

Wants to Be:

A missionary.

Will Be:

A politician.

o o

ANNIE STOTZ

"Annie"

Favorite Expression:

"It would tickle the fool out of me."

Wants to Be:

A Tarheel.

Will Be:

A distributor of hot air.



The ballfield



CONSTANCE MURRAY STROBEL

"Connie"

Little Cabinet, Y. W. C. A.

Big Cabinet, Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"Great Caesar's feather duster."

Wants to Be:

A deaconess.

Will Be:

An authoress.

° °

NETTIE TALIAFERRO

"Nettie"

House President Betty Lewis

Y. W. C. A.

Red-Head Club

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, me!"

Wants to Be:

Miss Powell's assistant.

Will Be:

Betty Lewis reformer.

° °

PAULINE TARPLEY

"Polly"

Favorite Expression:

"You'd do well to."

Wants to Be:

Never can tell?

Will Be:

Good chaperone.

° °

ELISE TAYLOR

"Little Bits"

Eastern Shore Club

Virginia Reel

Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"'Deed I is."

Wants to Be:

The one pierced by an arrow for a
Free-man.

Will Be:

The bride of a Lloyd Ayres.

IDA ETHALIA THOMAS

"Thomas"

Carolina Club
Athletic Club
Baseball '24-'26

Favorite Expression:

"Y'all make me tired."

Wants to Be:

Elocution teacher at Columbia.

Will Be:

A "moody" stenographer.

o o

JESSIE LEE THOMAS

"Jessie Lee"

Virginia Reel Club
Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"That's just fine!"

Wants to Be:

A literary genius.

Will Be:

Author of the book, "The Charms of
English Survey."

o o

MARION VIRGINIA THOMAS

"M. T."

Favorite Expression:

"Shoot."

Wants to Be:

Doctor.

Will Be:

The wife of the well-known tobacco
salesman in Fredericksburg.

o o

JOSEPHINE JENNINGS

THROCKMORTON

"Jo"

Favorite Expression:

"Come on, freight train."

Wants to:

Get an A. B. degree.

Will Be:

Professional Charlestoner.



the battlefield



DOROTHY E. TILLER.

"Dot"

Secretary Y. W. C. A.

Secretary K²

Favorite Expression:

"Le me think."

Wants to Be:

Somebody's stenog.

Will Be:

Married.

° °

MABEL KATHARINE TOWLES

"Vic"

Favorite Expression:

"Honest injun."

Wants to Be:

A novelist.

Will:

Write dime novels.

° °

MARY PAULINE TREACLE

"Polly"

Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, well!"

Wants to Be:

A dignified school teacher.

Will Be:

Ditto.

° °

EMILY VIRGINIA WALCOTT

"Kiki"

Y. W. Chairman of World Fellowship

Favorite Expression:

"Slave."

Wants to Be:

The "Queen of Diamonds."

Will Be:

"Queen of Clubs."

SALLIE BLACKWELL WALKER

"Sallie B."

Little Cabinet, Y. W. C. A.
Vice-President Athletic Club
President Hiking Club

Favorite Expression:

"Good night shirt."

Wants to Be:

Doctor.

Will Be:

Head surgeon at Johns Hopkins.

° °

VIRGIE IRENE WARNER

"Virg"

Favorite Expression:

"Scaport."

Wants to Be:

A teacher.

Will Be:

Art teacher at F. S. T. C. in '32.

° °

MARY KATHRYN WARREN

"Kitty"

Favorite Expression:

"Ah, my gosh!"

Wants to Be:

Teacher.

Will Be:

M. A. degree.

° °

KATE WEGER

"Katie"

Favorite Expression:

"For crying out tears!"

Wants to Be:

Mrs. ?????

Will Be:

Superintendent of an orphanage.



the battlefield



CORA WELLS

"Fats"

Favorite Expression:

"I'll swanee."

Wants to Be:

Tea-room boss.

Will Be:

Always busy.

o o

KATIE WHITEHEAD

"Kitty"

Secretary-Treasurer Dramatic Club '26

Athletic Club

Sophomore Hockey Team

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, my dear!"

Wants to Be:

Supervisor of Campus Training School.

Will Be:

A gatherer of almond nuts.

o o

CLAUDIA COSTENBADER WILKINS

"Bill"

President Northern Neck Club

Varsity Basketball '25-'26

Varsity Hockey

Favorite Expression:

"Cock-eyed jack-rabbit."

Wants to Be:

Physical Ed. director.

Will Be:

A second Annette Kellerman.



DOROTHY E. WILKINSON
"Dickie"

Publicity Committee Chairman K²

Favorite Expression:

"I'm a little debble, an I'm gonna
 getcha, too."

Wants to Be:

Noted New York journalist.

Will Be:

A living advertiser for hair tonic—
 "Long hair guaranteed overnight."

FAITH CONSTANCE WIRTH
"Saysie"

Twin City Club
 Virginia Reel
 Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, please!"

Wants to Be:

A kindergarten teacher.

Will Be:

The ideal housekeeper.

EMMA BARBARA WOOLARD
"Bob"

Fire Captain
 Y. W. C. A.
 Northern Neck Club

Favorite Expression:

"In-deed you're not!"

Wants to Be:

A missionary.

Will Be:

Bobbed-haired bandit.





DIANA MOORE WORNAM

"Di"

Krabba Klub
Y. W. C. A.

Favorite Expression:

"Oh, deah!"

Wants to Be:

Teacher in Cuban Islands.

Will Be:

A U. S. Senator.

° °

VIRGINIA WRIGHT

"Virginia"

Favorite Expression:

"Jiminy!"

Wants to Be:

President D. A. R.

Will Be:

President Ladies' Aid.

° °

SARA YAFFE

"Sara"

Favorite Expression:

"You know what?"

Wants to Be:

Principal of a finishing school.

Will Be:

Finished.



SOPH-CIRCUS

the bottlefield



The Sophomore Circus



HE SOPHOMORE CIRCUS was one of the most outstanding features of the college year. The gymnasium, with its side shows, ring, hot-dog stand, pink lemonade, and picturesque characters, was for three hours the scene of the reign of King Fun, Queen Frolic, and Prince Prank. Between the acts of the Hawaiian dancers, the dolls, Madame Yamashita's ballet dance, and the Charleston contest, the Chinese grab-bag girl proclaimed her wares; the policeman attempted to prohibit the mob from stampeding the ring, and the side-show players peeped through the doors of their booths. Once in a while a call for "Pop" pierced the air, while shrieks of laughter pealed out from those caught in the throes of a confetti battle.

Though King Fun and Queen Frolic enjoyed the ring performers, they had to "take in" the side shows and see what feats Prince Prank had accomplished. Thinking that a "swimming match" would prove interesting, they went to that booth. To their surprise, they saw a match swimming in a tub of water. Desirous of seeing a White Monkey, they called on Mademoiselle Worth and saw—their faces in a huge mirror! The Queen called on the "Million-Dollar Baby," which was no other than our co-operative Prexy. The King called on the death chamber, the Snake Charmer and Bluebeard's wives. Together, the King and Queen sought the wild man's cave, but because he and his "woman" were so primitive, their visit was short.

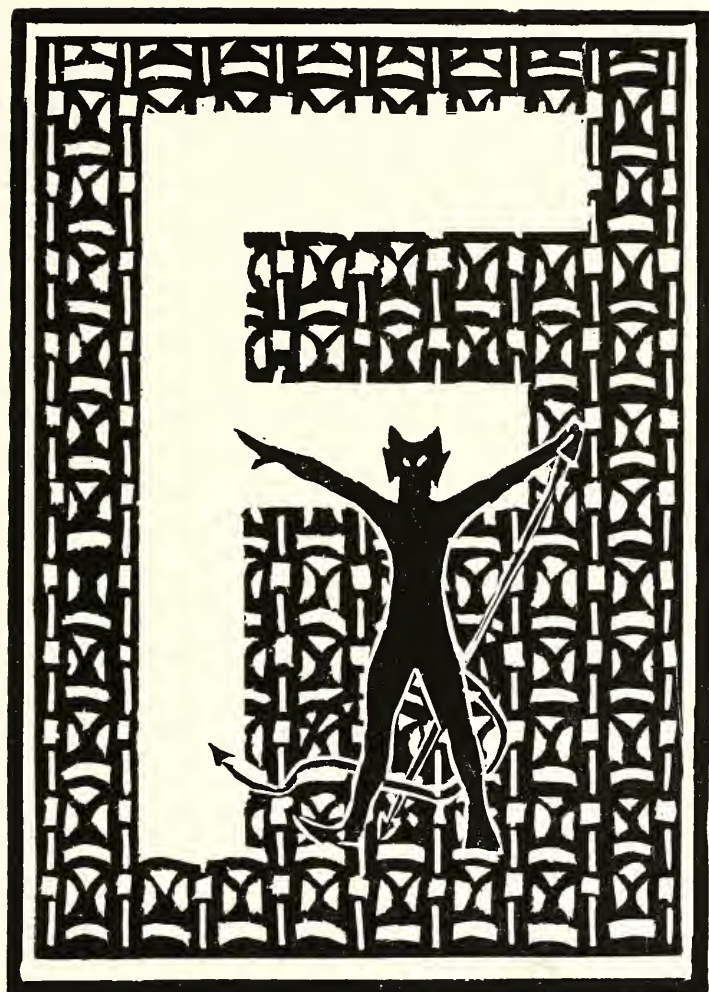
Since the King liked bathing beauties and the Queen could swim, they "dropped into" that show and saw an eighteenth-century beauty dive off a stool into a sawdust floor. When they went in to see a "ground hog" and found "meat," they concluded that Prince Prank had been up to enough tricks for a year and banished him from the scene—thus bringing their reign to an end.

**What does the goat say
Soph? Baa-a**

the battlefield



YOU can always tell a Senior,
For she's so sedately gowned;
You can always tell a Junior,
They're good girls all around;
You can always tell a Freshman,
By her green, frightened mien;
But just try to tell a Sophomore
A-N-Y-T-H-I-N-G-!





MISS MARY V. MILLIGAN

Adviser

deeps o' love
and best
wishes to
you all.
"Sandy"



Freshman Class



Officers

MARGUERITE BROTHERS
President

GERTRUDE ELLERTON
Secretary

FRANCES HANMER
Treasurer

MARGARET LAWRENCE
Vice-President



High School Group

albertson, pauline
andrews, aloise
archibald, vivian
beloate, elizabeth
billingsley, bettie
bledsoe, mary byrd
bleecker, helena
boughan, mildred
brangan, beatrice
broaddus, margaret
brown, lessie
brown, ruth
buckner, margaret
chilton, marian scott
clarke, myrtle
clarke, ruth
coe, elizabeth
connelly, alma
cooley, dorothea
corbin, adele dorothea
crompton, mary lee
cropp, elizabeth
davis, janice
dickert, rebecca
dickinson, margaret
draper, dorothy jack
edwards, blanche
edwards, edna
edwards, frances
ellerton, gertrude
gardner, virginia

garner, charlotte
goodwin, marjorie
gordon, louise
gouldman, jessie
gouldman, virginia
griffin, julia lucille
griffin, louise
hanmer, frances
harrison, elizabeth
hayden, annette
healy, minnie byrd
henderson, edna corinne
herndon, may adelaide
holland, elizabeth
hughes, julia howell
hundley, annette
jenkins, grace
jernigan, ethel
jones, ivy deronda
martin, mildred
mchesney, edith
mckenney, helen
melton, virginia
mentzer, louise k.
moody, thelma
motley, lucy mae
murphy, kathleen
newsome, margaret
noa, irene
nussey, mary lee

nye, ruby lee
parramore, josephine
passagaluppi, frankie
pendleton, grace
perry, alcater
pittman, rebecca
powell, elsie
pritchett, glady's
roberts, ruth
rowe, mary c.
russell, blanche
scott, alice mitchell
scott, fanny d.
shank, elizabeth
sisson, mary leavelle
sizer, kathleen
stephenson, marietta
stewart, mildred p.
stoner, mrs. d. l.
terry, herriet
tremain, sybil
troland, julia
vandenburgh, helen
watson, emma
wells, cora
wescott, marguerite
wingfield, rachael
winstead, carrie
worrock, helen
yagel, florence
yeatman, margaret



Grammar Grade Group

albaugh, helen elizabeth
andrews, fannie
apperson, mary jane
brewer, margaret
brothers, marguerite
carner, ruby
chandler, elizabeth
clift, virginia
cohn, ethel
cole, thelma maye
conn, eva
creekmore, lydia
dameron, otelia
davis, lois
diedrich, mary
eddins, eglah
evans, virginia
fisher, grace
fisher, josephine
freeman, leonora
gladstone, thelma
godsey, doris
gooch, elizabeth
graff, lillian
graves, alyce

greene, alic
griffin, virginia
hall, eleanor
hamilton, julia
harris, winnie
haydon, catherine
haynie, leah
hiter, inez
hudson, eula
hudson, ruth lewis
hughes, elizabeth
jarvis, nelda
jett, laura
johnson, myrtle
jones, bertha
juberg, alyce
kidwell, ola mae
lacy, virginia
lawrence, margaret
leathers, marguerite
levy, sara
lillaston, marie
madison, ethel
maney, zella

matthews, ernestine
mitchell, olive
morrison, anna lee
morrison, eva
neal, alleine
persons, eula
phillips, evelyn
poffenbarger, hannah
ransone, vester anne
rice, annie
rives, lois
riggin, helen
scholl, alzada
sear, naomi
siege, josephine
smith, teila bell
stringfield, annie
thomas, hallie
thomas, missouri
walder, lucile
west, olive
white, emma g.
wiltshire, ethel
winn, betty
wray, marguerite

the battlefield



Primary Grade Group



ashby, virginia
bagwell, kathleen
bailey, eugenia
bailey, grace nisley
barber, beatrice
bayto, genevieve
beloate, dorothy
bickers, annie l.
bickers, fannie a.
birchett, judith
blanton, nancy walker
blick, margarette
bradshaw, dorothy
branch, margaret
briel, marion
broaddus, harriett
broaddus, ruth
bruce, emily
cadot, elizabeth
campbell, jessie
cooper, esther
cralle, dorothy
delk, marion

evans, mabel
floyd, elizabeth
forrest, chrystal
garrett, phoebe
guesse, christine
hale, eloise
hall, marjorie
harman, jessie howard
hastings, katharyne
holloway, marion
hogg, elizabeth
hopkins, hortense
howell, lizzie
hurst, madge
johnston, edna may
jones, effie brown
martin, dorothy
megaha, edna
morris, willie
morrissette, alice lee
moseley, mary emma
nissinen, aili
peck, lillian

phillips, alwine
phillips, evelyn louise
pritchett, thelma
richerson, ruby
ridgill, susie mae
reekes, mary zelma
roadcap, ruceille
sale, gladys
segar, anne
stephenson, wortley
tankard, anne
tanner, elizabeth
thorne, jane
trotter, agnes
vaughan, molly
webb, florence
weston, iva
wiley, dorothy
williams, gladys l.
williamson, margaret
willis, annie belle
wood, minnie merle



Red Letter Days On a Freshman's Calendar



SEPTEMBER

- SEPTEMBER 22..... Campus swarmed with wide-eyed Freshmen.
SEPTEMBER 24..... We dived for the first time into the mysteries of a college education.
SEPTEMBER 25..... Y. W. gave us our "Get-Acquainted Party."
SEPTEMBER 30..... Freshman Training!!!!—???????

OCTOBER

- OCTOBER 2..... Clad in gingham pinafores, we sallied forth in quest of pleasure to the Student Government Party.
OCTOBER 16..... With our fronts backward, we were escorted by the dashing "gentlemen" of the Sophomore Class to the Freshman-Sophomore dance.
OCTOBER 20..... "All girls going out for Freshman athletics report in the gym immediately after lunch."

NOVEMBER

- NOVEMBER 1..... On this memorable day we inherited our rights as Freshmen.
NOVEMBER 23..... Packing!—Taxis!—Tickets!—Train!—Home!—Whoopie!??

DECEMBER

- DECEMBER 20-22... Every day to town we go, Christmas presents a-buying.
DECEMBER 23..... Home again! Hooray for Santa Claus!?!?!!

JANUARY

- JANUARY 5..... New quarter—More work—Less play.
JANUARY 22..... Basketball game.
Mob scene in gym.
Junior Class "hung."

FEBRUARY

- FEBRUARY 20..... Mysterious "Red Devils" appeared on campus.
FEBRUARY 28..... Our night of all nights! "Freshmen Stars" appear in "*The Maker of Dreams*" and "*The Trysting Place*."

MARCH

- MARCH 23..... One year two-thirds gone.
MARCH 31..... Basketball championship.

APRIL

- APRIL 1..... Easter bunnies "pull" us home.
APRIL 5..... Here we come back to classes,
Gaily attired Freshman lassies.

The battlefield

*Glory be! Who are we?
Freshmen team, can't you see!
Full of ginger, full of pep,
We're for the Freshmen, you just bet.*

*Who are—who are—who are we?
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Yes—sir—ee.
Hokie, hokie, hokie hi—
Freshmen, Freshmen, win or die.
Sola-rex, sola-ra!
Team! Team!
Rah! Rah! Rah!*



(TUNE: "Caisson Song of the Artillery")

Red and white! Red and white!
We will win this game tonight,
As the Freshmen go marching along.
Green and gold! Green and gold!
You can never, never hold,
While the Freshmen go marching along.

Then it's ray, ray, ray!
As we raise our colors gay;
Girls, put your pep into this song!
Where'er you go, you will always know
That the Freshmen are marching along!
Watch them marching! (*Yell*)
That the Freshmen go marching along.



Ole Bill Jones



LE Bill Jones, he allus 'lowed
Thet the man what didn't like dorgs wuz soured ;
Thet enny man a dorg hed bit
Wuz prob'ly desarving of all of hit.
He said, "Jes' gimme a dorg en gun,
En I'll keep any fox in the State a-run ;
Jes' gimme a night all dark en damp,
En the dorg, a possum, en I'll tramp."

Well, ole Bill Jones, he heared hit said
Thet animals wuz folks what's dead ;
Thet mebbe the man what died dead drunk
Wuz turned into a dad-blamed skunk ;
En the man what worked himself in the hole
A-layin' up money would change to a mole.
The man who'd save every cent in the world,—
Too tight to spend it, 'ud be a squirre'l.

Ole Bill Jones got his gun en a rag,
But he thought so much his fingers'd lag ;
A-settin' thar in his cabin do',
He thought, en he thought, en he thought some mo'.
The sun got high, en the shadows fled,
When Bill got up en scratched his head.
"I 'low thet hit's so," as he hefted a lorg,—
'N the pick of the lot must be a dorg."

Bill Jones lived in a tumbled-down shack,
When he wa'nt with his dorgs, his gun, en his pack.
He cooked on a stick, en washed in a spring,
En slept in his clothes, en ever'thing.
"Jes' gimme a cabin with no one to fuss,
Jes' gimme a gun, en some dorgs to cuss,
Jes' gimme the woods, en the cricks, en I vun,
I wouldn't change boots with a millionaire's son."

Ole Bill Jones, with his dorgs, seems to me,
Wuz the happiest critter I ever did see.

—VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN.

the battlefield



HILL TOP PRODUCTIONS



HILL TOP PRODUCTIONS

the battlefield

A His-to-ry of the Fresh-man Class

(of the fresh-men, by the fresh-men, for
the fresh-men) simplified



HEY told me to write a his-to-ry of the Fresh-man Class. I will try. I do not know what to say. We came up here on Sep-tem-ber the 22d. We rode on the train. We did not like to leave our ma-mas and pa-pas. Some girls met us. They took us to the col-lege. We did not like it. We went to Mrs. Bush-nell's office. She took our trunk checks. She gave us a room. She scared us. We cri-ed and cri-ed for our ma-mas.

Then we had to work hard. We play-ed bas-ket-ball. We beat the Jun-i-ors. We lik-ed to play bas-ket-ball. We went to some par-ties. It was fun. We gave some nice plays. Ev-er-y-bo-dy lik-ed them. Our col-ors are red and white. We beat the Soph-o-mo-res, too.

Next year they say we will be Soph-o-mores. Won't that be nice?



A Veracious Narrative of the Soaring Sophomores

In the vermilion autumn of 1924 we resumed our scintillating career in this institution of higher learning. We ignored sublimely the vociferous Freshmen, conversed affably with the Juniors, and met the *Seniors* with dignity and serenity. Occurrences appeared to descend upon us always with overwhelming rapidity, but we met them with our philosophical calmness. Sports, practice-teaching, classes, faculty, parties are all decadent to our satiated senses. We have reached the heights of sophistication.

Juniors

We WERE Sophomores

We WILL BE Seniors

Seniors

Omnipotent and omniscient

Individuals



Everybody's Friend

JULIET WARE



JESSE SQUIRE

~Most Changeable that I
 will never get over the fact that I
 didn't know you're best for the tea,
 do you! I but seriously, I like
 you, loads, and always
 yours. As ever,
 Jesse



Best Sport ~

KATHRINE HATCHETT



VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN

~Most Individual



The Goat ~

HILDA MANIERI



ELLA TALLEY

~ *Most Indifferent*



Aunt Chris useful
 good and remember
 the good work
 Duval Christian
 in Gilman Ave
 Atlanta Ga
 1911

Mademoiselle Vogue

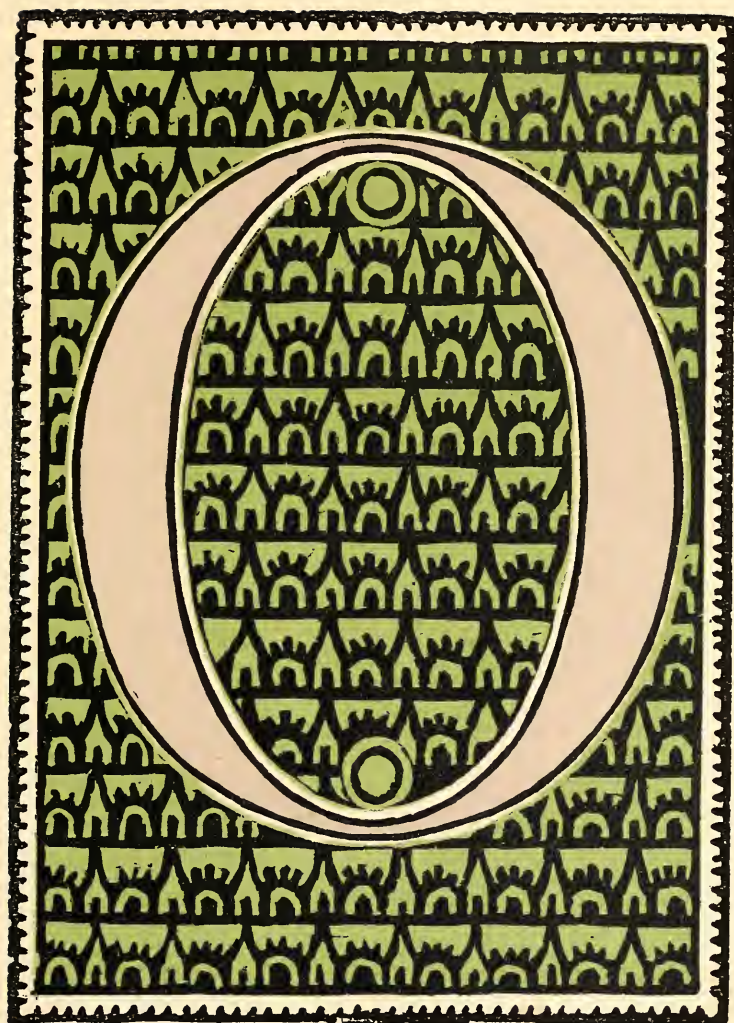
DUVAL CHRISTIAN



MILDRED CRAWFORD

Fun Maker







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Student Government



Officers

KATHERINE MICKS
Vice-President

RUTH PREBBLE
President

INDIA DIGGS
Secretary

JULIET WARE
Ex-Officio

DUVAL CHRISTIAN
Ex-Officio

HILDA MANIERI
Treasurer



Student Council



LOUISE STEUART <i>Senior Representative</i>	KATHLEEN KESSLER <i>Junior Representative</i>	KATHRYN HARDING <i>Sophomore Representative</i>	EMMA COOK <i>Sophomore Representative</i>
KATHRINE HATCHETT <i>Sophomore Representative</i>	LUCILLE WALDER <i>Freshman Representative</i>	DOROTHY DRAPER <i>Freshman Representative</i>	MOLLY VAUGHAN <i>Freshman Representative</i>
ELIZABETH HUGHES <i>Freshman Representative</i>	VIRGINIA FRAZIER <i>House President Frances Willard</i>	NETTIE TALIAFERRO <i>House President Betty Lewis</i>	ELIZABETH CRISMOND <i>House President Virginia Hall</i>



Fire Department



Commander-in-Chief

DUVAL CHRISTIAN

Chiefs

DOROTHY HOLTON

ELLEN FOX

LUCY HOUSTON

Captains

FRANCES WILLARD:

Annie Stotz
Faith Worth
Dorothy Post
Lois Hamilton
Grace Mason
Grace Pendleton

BETTY LEWIS:

Margaret Dickinson
Marion Delk
Anne Lee Morrison
Louise Raiford
Annie Gladstone
Gwendolyn Lincoln
Linda Broadus
Virginia McCarthy

VIRGINIA HALL:

Allene Headley
Alice Lewis
Katherine Jenkins
Elizabeth Crismond



The Y. W. C. A.



HE Young Women's Christian Association has a four-fold purpose, namely (1) To lead students to faith in God through Jesus Christ; (2) to lead them into membership and service in the Christian Church; (3) to associate them with the affairs of students in this and other lands; (4) to lead them to live in harmony with their fellow-students.

Before the Association can begin to realize these aims, its officers and "Little Cabinet" members should be trained. Part of this training is received at the week-end conferences, but by far the most of it is received at Blue Ridge, North Carolina, where delegates from this College meet with others from the South to spend ten ideal, happy, helpful days of work and play.

Evidences of carrying out the Y. W. aims are seen in the opening of the session. The members become official introducers, guides and advisers to the new students. To cultivate the friendly spirit of comradeship and loyalty is one of the most important tasks of the Y. W. C. A. The "arrival" is followed by an informal "get-acquainted party" given the first Friday night of the quarter. The spirit and good-fellowship of the party is continued by the weekly Thursday teas, given in the attractively decorated tea room of the College, one of which every student and faculty member attends.

From time to time, mass meetings and chapel programs are held to keep the students in touch with their organization. Thus does the Young Young Women's Christian Association seek to make God real in the mind and heart of every student in the College.

the battlefield



Y. W. C. A.



Officers

JULIET WARE	<i>President</i>
EMMA COOKE	<i>Vice-President</i>
DOROTHY TILLER	<i>Secretary</i>
JOHN RUFF	<i>Treasurer</i>
JANE WHITEHEAD	<i>Undergraduate Representative</i>
KATHERINE MICKS	<i>Ex-Officio</i>
MISS MARGARET D. MOORE	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

Chairmen of Committees

EVELYN FEILD	<i>Devotional</i>	HELEN JOHNSON	<i>Music</i>
EMMA COOKE	<i>Membership</i>	EMILY WALCOTT	<i>World Fellowship</i>
SALLIE B. WALKER	<i>Social Service</i>	FRANCES WALKER	<i>Vespers</i>
LUCY HOUSTON	<i>Social</i>	MARGARET SUTTON	<i>Publicity</i>
ROSA B. LANE	<i>Finance</i>	ELIZABETH PAYNE	<i>Town Girls</i>

19 twenty six



BLUE



RIDGE



V.W.C.A.



the battlefield



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Editor-in-Chief

VIRGINIA WILLIAMS
Art Editor

FRANCES WALKER
Advertising Manager

ELLEN FOX
Business Manager

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Battlefield Staff



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MISS OLIVE GARRISON
Adviser

BESSIE BYRD DICKINSON
Asst. Advertising Manager

MARGARET SUTTON
Asst. Art Editor

RUTH CLARK
Wit Editor

the battlefield



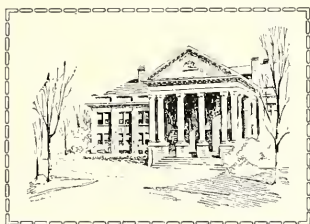
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	VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN.....	<i>Advisory Editor</i>
	JEAN ROSEBOROUGH.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

19 twenty six

The Bullet

WINTER - 1926



State Teachers College
Fredericksburg, Virginia

the battlefield





The Scene-Shifters

Pr sent

I. THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

1. THE FLORIST SHOP..... *Winifred Hawridge*
Maude..... *Bernice Wood*
Henry..... *Grace Mason*
Slovsky..... *Ella Talley*
Miss Wells..... *Louise Steuart*
Mr. Jackson..... *Ellen Fox*
2. SUPPRESSED DESIRES..... *George Cook and Susan Glaspell*
Henrietta Brewster..... *Helen Johnson*
Stephen Brewster..... *Gladys Gillet*
Mabel..... *Betsy Bassett*
3. MANSIONS..... *Hildegarde Flanner*
Harriet Wilde..... *Virginia Musselman*
Lydia Wilde..... *Mary Lee Spilman*
Joe Wilde..... *Evelyn Feild*



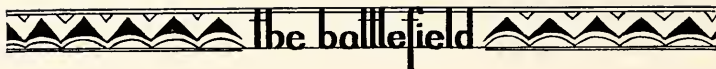
II. WHY THE CHIMES RANG..... *Elizabeth A. McFadden*

- Holger (a Peasant boy)..... *Helen Johnson*
Steen (his younger brother)..... *Anne Cunningham*
Bertel (their uncle)..... *Mabel Thompson*
An Old Woman..... *Constance Strobel*
Angel..... *Bernice Wood*
Lords, Ladies, etc.



III. WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS..... *Sir James M. Barrie*

- Maggie Wylie..... *Helen Johnson*
John Shand..... *Virginia Musselman*
Alick (father)..... *Ella Talley*
David Wylie..... *Ellen Fox*
James Wylie..... *Katie Whitehead*
Comtesse de la Brière..... *Louise Steuart*
Lady Sybil..... *Gladys Gillet*
Mr. Venables..... *Virginia Frazier*



Sportsmanship



HEN you play the game, always wish and try to win; otherwise your opponent will have no fun but never wish to win so much that you cannot be happy without it. Seek only to win by fair and lawful means, according to the rules of the game, and this will leave you without bitterness toward your opponent or shame before others.

Take pleasure in the game, even though you do not obtain the victory, for the purpose of the game is not merely to win, but to find joy and strength in trying.

If you obtain the victory which you have so desired, think more of your good fortune than of your own skill. This will make you grateful and ready to share with others the honor bestowed upon you, and truly this is both reasonable and profitable, for it is but little that any of us would win in the world were our fortune not better than our deserts.



Athletic Club

The Athletic Club is truly an organization for the students. It is the most democratic of all clubs on the campus. Any one interested in sports is eligible and welcome. It endeavors to broaden and enlarge the life of the students by giving them a wholesome form of recreation and an interesting program of athletics. The Varsity is financed by the Club, and it was responsible for the splendid inter-collegiate games played this season. In the spring it arranges for inter-collegiate contests of tennis.

It not only provides for organized athletics, such as hockey, baseball, basketball, tennis and all class teams, but it also includes hiking, swimming and horseback riding in its activities. No girl need be a physical education major or a star in athletics in order to belong to or enjoy the Athletic Club. It is the most earnest desire of the Club to benefit the average girl, and to give her, in the biggest possible form, the sports she will most enjoy.



Athletic Club

Officers

BERNICE WOOD, *President*
 SALLIE B. WALKER, *Vice-President* TECKLA DREIFUS, *Secretary*
 DOROTHY HANMER, *Treasurer*

Chairmen of Committees

VIRGINIA WILLIAMS.....	<i>Publicity</i>	KATHRINE HATCHETT.....	<i>Entertainment</i>
VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN.....	<i>Floor</i>	RUTH PHILLIPS.....	<i>Refreshment</i>

Sport Managers

MARY ALICE SPILLMAN.....	<i>Tennis</i>	KATHRINE HATCHETT.....	<i>Swimming</i>
ELIZABETH MORRISON.....	<i>Hockey</i>	TECKLA DREIFUS.....	<i>Basketball</i>
ANN HOGAN.....	<i>Baseball</i>	EMMA COOKE.....	<i>Reporter</i>

MOTTO: "There is but one temple in the universe,
 and that is the body of man."—*Novalis*.



the battlefield



Glee Club



First Sopranos

Parke Anderson
Betsy Bassett
Genevieve Bayto
Elizabeth Crismond
Anne Cunningham

Julia Ellison
Virginia Griffin
Lois Hamilton
Lucy Hobson
Dorothy Harris

Katherine Jenkins
Marie Lillaston
Marion Lokey
Mary Reekes
Ruceille Roadcap

Second Sopranos

Lucy Billingsley
Catherine Haydon

Betsy Hughes
Julia Hughes
Juliet Ware

Mary Snyder
Mildred Stewart

Altos

Mildred Crawford
Alma Connelly
Alma Gardner

Kathryn Harding
John Ruff
Constance Strobel

Josephine Throckmorton
Agnes Trotter

EVA TAYLOR EPPES, *Director*



Music Club



Catherine Haydon
 Fay Martin
 Emeline Anderson
 Marguerite Leathers
 Clara Huffman
 Margaret Newsome
 Frances Hanmer
 Dorothy Hanmer
 Annette Hundley
 Edith McChesney
 Alice Stone
 Gertrude Ellerton
 Ruby Dratt
 Elizabeth Chandler

Bobbie Snow
 Lois Davis
 Missouri Thomas
 Adele Corbin
 Thelma Cole
 Mary McLaughlin
 Lucille Griffin
 Dorothy Pond
 Elizabeth Decker
 Virginia Gordon
 Ruth Roberts
 Bertha Righter
 Agnes Trotter
 Elaine Connelly

the ballfield



FAMILIAR SCENES



ON YOUR MARK



BROAD JUMPS



THE SUNNY SOUTH



CAMPUS



FOUR DEEP



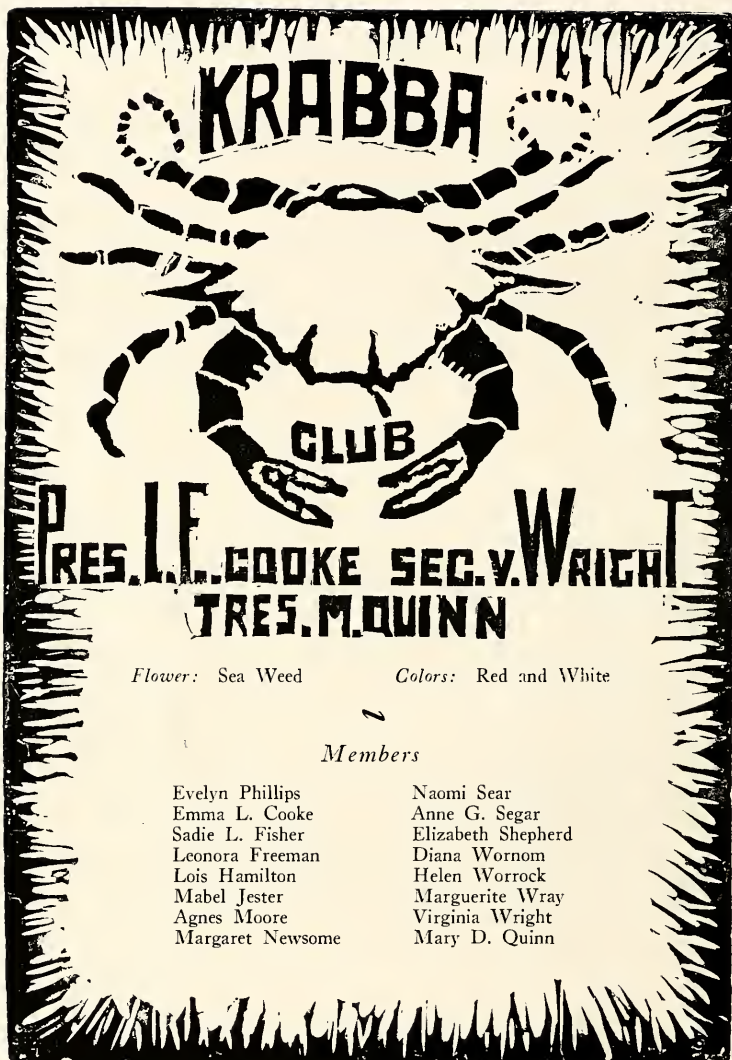
WEEK'ENDS



OUT OF BOUNDS



POLITICS



Flower: Sea Weed

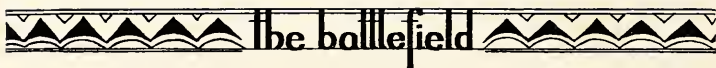
Colors: Red and White

Members

Evelyn Phillips
Emma L. Cooke
Sadie L. Fisher
Leonora Freeman
Lois Hamilton
Mabel Jester
Agnes Moore
Margaret Newsome

Naomi Sear
Anne G. Segar
Elizabeth Shepherd
Diana Wornom
Helen Worrock
Marguerite Wray
Virginia Wright
Mary D. Quinn





The Tumblers

<i>Song</i>	When the Nuts Come Tumbling Down
<i>Motto</i>	My Kingdom for a Horse
<i>Flower</i>	Horse Chestnut
<i>Yell</i>	Let's Give Them the Horse Laugh
<i>Color</i>	Mud



OT content with training its students to teach the three R's, Fredericksburg College has installed a new department. This department is misleading. When finished, its members will be welcome additions to any circus. In fact, there are some who say that they are already circuses in themselves. They do not swallow swords, nor do they drape themselves with snakes. They are quite successful, however, in elemental trapeze work, though they use reins, bridle and stirrups in place of the customary rings.

Sad to say, though they are expert at falling, they have not yet learned to land gracefully. Some prefer the ditches. Others have an overwhelming affection for hillsides, particularly if the slope is of sufficient angle to insure a slide to the bottom, and there is a car nearby to give a slight send-off. . . . Still others dip quickly under the protecting body of the horse, blissfully optimistic in regard to hoofs.

The prize tumble was given in the presence of two Fords and a buggy. The Tumbler took a slow, sideways twist, descended in a parabola, landed in the center of the road with feet outstretched, head on one side, crop held triumphantly aloft in one hand, while with the other she clasped the reins of Billy, who stood looking in gentlemanly amazement at such strange conduct.

The Tumblers are nothing if not dramatic. Did not Deronda Jones sweep from the back of Buck, place herself in his path, while he placed his foot upon her head—a perfect dramatization of the Seal of Virginia, the Sic Semper Tyrannis alone being lacking? Ruth Brown and Kath-

leen Kessler are also advocates of this "personal touch" system. The puzzling thing about this is that after each personal touch the rider celebrates by visiting the infirmary.

One of the most enthralling scenes of the year took place in the fall. For two hours an exhibition of broncho-busting, hitherto unparalleled east of Wyoming, took place on the road between Faculty House and Virginia Hall. The struggle ended with the horse and rider seeking refuge in the stable, the one voluntarily, the other involuntarily. What transpired within is forever lost to the public. All we know is that the intrepid Wallace ventured in, emerging shortly, accompanied by the actors of the little drama, reluctantly following a rein's distance behind.

To the Riding Club—the Tumblers of S. T. C.—we propose the most appropriate toast we can find. We wish them Health, Happiness and a Long Life.





PRES. FRANCES HAMMER
SONG - THAT RED HEADED GAL

RED HEADED CLUB

FLOWER - SUNFLOWER
FIDELITY ADVISER - MISS EVA TAYLOR EPPES

SEC. TRES. NETTIE TALIAFERRO
MOTTO - RED AND REDDY

CHARLOTTE GARNER
MARGARET HOGG
ELIZABETH CHANDLER
HELEN McHENRY

MARGUERITE WRAY
ELIZABETH THRIFT
LOIS HAMILTON

DOROTHY SMITH
RUTH McHENRY
ARLETTE HAYDEN

ALZADA SCHOLL
BETSY HUGHES
JULIET WARE
MARY QUICK



SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA

Officers

VIRGINIA FRAZIER.....	<i>President</i>
MARGARET SUTTON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
LOUISE LYNCH.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

Parke Anderson
Rebecca Dickert

Margaret Engleby
Edith McChesney

Ruceille Roadcap
Marion Thomas
Alma Connelly

Honorary Members

Mrs. Charles Lake Bushnell

Annie Kuhn Roberts



Kollege Kommercial Klub

Officers

<i>President</i>	ELLEN FOX
<i>Vice-President</i>	LOUISE LYNCH
<i>Secretary</i>	DOROTHY TILLER
<i>Treasurer</i>	MABEL LYNCH

Members

Vivian Archibald	Ellen Fox	Mary Lee Nussey
Elizabeth Beloate	Grace Giannotti	Ruth Phillips
Helena Bleecker	Dorothy Hanmer	Ruth Prebble
Dorothy Chiles	Julia Hughes	Gladys Pritchett
Dorothy Childress	Deronda Jones	Bertha Righter
Ruth Clark	Louise Lynch	Frances Rosenblatt
Estelle Conn	Mabel Lynch	Mrs. Violet Stoner
Ethel Conn	Luray Lewis	Nettie Taliaferro
Alma Connelly	Mary Limerick	Elise Taylor
India Diggs	Zella Maney	Dorothy Tiller
Henrietta Dreifus	Lucy Mae Motley	Sybil Tremaine
Dorothy Draper	Irene Noa	Dorothy Wilkinson

Honorary Members

Miss Alice Curry

Miss Mae V. Powell

Miss Molly Coates



Twin City Club

Motto: If you haven't got a nickel, swim across.



Officers

President.....KATHRYN HARDING
Vice-President.....MARGARET MCCARRICK
Secretary-Treasurer.....MARY WINDER PEARSON

Members

Virginia O'Brien
 Betsy Bassett
 Ruth Brown
 Lydia Creekmore
 India Diggs
 Gertrude Ellerton
 Elizabeth Gooch
 Edna Griffin
 Virginia Griffin

Cecelia Hiller
 Margaret Lawrence
 Ernestine Matthews
 Carmen Mejia
 Kathleen Murphy
 Aili Nissinen
 George Overman
 Annie Rice
 Anna Rosenblatt

Frances Rosenblatt
 Gladys Sale
 Alzada Scholl
 Marietta Stephenson
 Mildred Stewart
 Annie Stotz
 Lucile Walder
 Katie Whitehead
 Faith Wirth
 Sarah Yaffe

the battlefield



Eastern Shore Club

Flower: "Potato blossom."

Motto: "We dig."

Colors: Green and White



Officers

President.....HILDA BELOTE
Vice-President.....BERTIE DRUMMOND
Secretary and Treasurer.....ELISE TAYLOR

Members

Elizabeth Belote
 Edith Costin
 Annie Gladstone
 Thelma Gladstone
 Doris Godsey
 Maria Groton
 Susie Guy

Elizabeth Holland
 Myrtle Johnson
 Rosalie Kilmon
 Grace Mason
 Katherine Mears
 Olive Mitchell

Josephine Parramore
 Margaret Phillips
 Helen Riffin
 Grace Stevens
 Ann Tankard
 Missouri Thomas
 Kathryn Warren



Newport News Club



Officers

President.....GLADYS DRYSDALE GILLET
Secretary-TreasurerKATHLEEN KESSLER

Members

Vivian Archibald
 Genevieve Bayto
 Nancy Blanton
 Margaret Branch
 Lily Mae Brooks
 Jessie Campbell
 Estelle Conn
 Ethel Conn
 Eva Conn

Marion Delk
 Grace Giannotti
 Lillian Graff
 Margaret Hogge
 Ethel Jernigan
 Edna Johnston
 Deronda Jones
 Zella Maney

Anna Morris
 Willie Morris
 Lillian Peck
 Bertha Righter
 Lois Rives
 Molly Vaughan
 Kate Weger
 Gladys Williams
 Rachael Wingfield

the battlefield



Richmond-Petersburg Club

Colors: Blue and Gold

Sponsor: MISS HILDA HAYNIE



Officers

<i>President</i>	RUTH PHILLIPS
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARIAN BRIEL
<i>Secretary</i>	BEATRICE BARBER
<i>Treasurer</i>	KITTY HATCHETT

Members

Beatrice Barber
Marian Briel
Margaret Blick
Violette Sheffield

Betsy Hughes
Julia Howell Hughes
Ruth Phillips
Dorothy Tiller
Alyce Stone

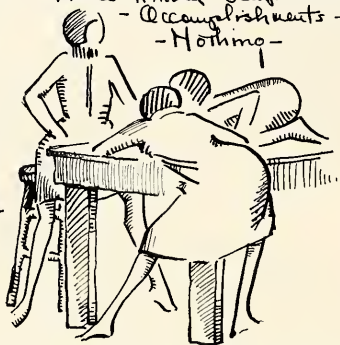
Gladys Pritchett
Mabel Lynch
Kitty Hatchett
Rosa Lane





Coming after Art.

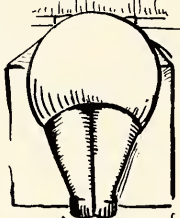
Intimate Scenes of the Art Club -
 - Arms -
 - Betty Lewis Curtains -
 - Auditorium Windows -
 - Frances Villard Lamp Shades -
 - Accomplishments -
 - Nothing -



Group activity in block printing -



Teacher



South view of glass in the clay bin -



Cage Operations -



A good sport.



Push -



Concavated -



Extension Course -

the battlefield



Carolina Club

Colors: Black and White

Emblem: Pine



Officers

President.....	BERNICE WOOD
Vice-President.....	HELEN JOHNSON
Secretary-Treasurer.....	SYBIL TREMAINE

Members

Helena Bleecker
Marguerite Brothers
Duval Christian
Mildred Crawford
Janice Davis
Marjorie Goodwin

Alice Greene
Louise Griffin
Hortense Hopkins
Helen Johnson
Fay Martin
Grace Pendleton

Leavelle Sisson
Pauline Tarpley
Ethalia Thomas
Jessie Lee Thomas
Sybil Tremaine
Bernice Wood

Honorary Members: Mr. and Mrs. B. Y. Tyner

Come, Carolinians, drink a toast
To the two great States of which we boast;
To the sunshine lands whose names are dear;
To their shining waters cool and clear;
To their fine forefathers who gave them fame;
And to their sons who uphold the name--
Carolina!

the battlefield



Northern Neck Club



Officers

President.....CLAUDIA WILKINS
 Vice-President.....ALLENE HEADLEY
 Secretary-Treasurer.....MARY ALICE SPILLMAN

Members

Carrie Allen
 Grace Bailey
 Katherine Coates
 Myrtle Clarke
 Dorothy Cralle
 Otelia Dameron
 Julia Ellison
 Blanche Edwards
 Edna Edwards
 Frances Edwards
 Ruth Forrester
 Jessie Gouldman
 Alma Gardner
 Frances Gresham
 Charlotte Garner
 Beatrice Gallagher

Allene Headley
 Annette Hundley
 Arnette Hayden
 Minnie Byrd Healy
 Leah Haynie
 Mary Hatton
 Edna Henderson
 Ruth Hudson
 Eloise Hale
 Elsie Haynie
 Laura Jett
 Katherine Jenkins
 Genevieve Jackson
 Marian Lokey
 Herthell Luckham
 Inez Lee

Nancy Lee
 Aphra Moore
 Anna Lee Morrison
 Eva Morrison
 Alleine Neal
 Thelma Pritchett
 Rebecca Pitman
 Ruth Roberts
 Mary Rowe
 Mary Lee Straughan
 Mary Alice Stillman
 Bobbie Snow
 Mabel Towles
 Sallie B. Walker
 Claudia Wilkins
 Carrie Winstead
 Barbara Woolard

Honorary Members

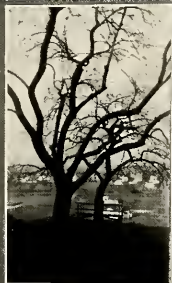
Mrs. Chandler

Miss Molly Coates

Miss Hilda Haynie



the battlefield



TREES ON OUR HILL



SPORTS



VARSITY TEAMS

<i>Hockey</i>	178
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the battlefield



Varsity Hockey Squad

Manager: TECKLA DREIFUS

Captain: BERNICE WOOD



Ann Hogan
Lucy Houston
Mary Alice Spillman
Dorothy Draper
Jesse Squire
Elizabeth Morrison

Ruby Dillard
Claudia Wilkins
Katherine Micks
Kathrine Hatchett
Lena Johnson
Helen McKenney

Schedule of Varsity Basketball Games

	Score
January 30, 1926.....Fredericksburg vs. Y. W. C. A. (Richmond).....	32 - 29
February 6, 1926.....Fredericksburg vs. Harrisonburg (Harrisonburg).....	18 - 40
February 12, 1926.....Fredericksburg vs. Farmville (Fredericksburg).....	32 - 22
February 23, 1926.....Fredericksburg vs. W. & M. (Williamsburg).....	26 - 34
February 26, 1926.....Fredericksburg vs. Pittsburgh (Fredericksburg).....	18 - 18
March 6, 1926.....Fredericksburg vs. Y. W. C. A. (Fredericksburg).....	55 - 16
March 13, 1926.....Fredericksburg vs. Harrisonburg (Fredericksburg).....	34 - 19
March 19, 1926.....Fredericksburg vs. Farmville (Farmville).....	26 - 25

Manager, TECKLA DREIFUS

Captain, KATHRINE HATCHETT



First Varsity

Manager.....TECKLA DREIFUS
Captain.....KATHERINE HATCHETT

Jesse Squire
Ann Hogan
Ruth Brown

Claudia Wilkins
Lena Johnson
Dorothy Draper

Mary Lee Straughan
Katherine Murphy
Katherine Micks



Second Varsity

Molly Vaughan
Rebecca Pitman
Mary Alice Spillman

Helen McKenney
Katherine Mears

Hilda Belote
Ernestine Matthews

the battlefield



SENIOR TEAMS



19 twenty six



BLOSSOM TIME
ON
THE HILL

the battlefield



Junior Hockey Team

LENA "POIL" JOHNSON, *Captain*

Katherine Micks
Jesse Squire
Lena Johnson
Mabel Thompson

Mary McLaughlin
Bessie Byrd Dickinson
Mary Young

Lucy Hobson
Ellen Fox
Bernice Wood
Mary Snyder



Junior Tennis Team

Singles

Lena Johnson



Doubles

Ellen Fox
Mary Spillman

19 twenty six



Junior Baseball Team

LENA PEARL JOHNSON, *Captain*

Jesse Squire
Mabel Thompson
Lucy Hobson

Ellen Fox
Katherine Micks
India Diggs

Mary Young
Mary A. Spillman
Bernice Wood



Junior Basketball Team

JESSE SQUIRE, *Captain*

Ellen Fox
Katherine Micks

Lena Johnson
Bernice Wood

Mary A. Spillman
Lucy Hobson



the battlefield



Sophomore Hockey Team

Ann Hogan
Hilda Belote
Sara Yaffe
Sallie B. Walker
Claudia Wilkins

Kathrine Hatchett
Carmen Mejia
Teckla Dreifus
Katherine Mears

Violette Sheffield
Dorothy Holton
Duval Christian
Katie Whitehead
Dorothy Hanmer



Sophomore Tennis Team

Singles

Katheryn Everett



Doubles

Virginia
Musselman
Kathrine
Hatchett

19 twenty six



Sophomore Basketball Team

Hilda Belote
Teckla Dreifus
Alice Lewis

Ann Hogan
Dorothy Hanmer

Katherine Mears
Claudia Wilkins
Kathrine Hatchett



Sophomore Baseball Team

Ann Hogan
Hilda Belote
Grace Mason
Katherine Mears

Ruth Phillips
Dorothy Hanmer
Carmen Mejia

Claudia Wilkins
Violette Sheffield
Alma Gardner
Ethalia Thomas



the battlefield



Freshman Hockey Team

Zella Maney
Ruth Brown
Helen McKenney
Mary Quick
Jesse Campbell

Elizabeth Shank
Dorothy Draper
Lucile Griffin
Hilda Manieri
Margaret Broadus
Elizabeth Harrison

Eva Morrison
Frances Hanmer
Edna Henderson
Josephine Parramore
Dorothy Chilton



Freshman Tennis Team

Doubles

Beatrice Barber
Hortense
Hopkins



Singles

Frances Hanmer



Freshman Basketball Team

Dorothy Draper
Katherine Murphy
Helen McKenney

Molly Vaughan
Ruth Brown
Rebecca Pittman

Ruth Clark
Frances Hanmer
Anna Lee Morrison
Elizabeth Shank

Freshman Baseball Team

Frances Hanmer
Elizabeth Shank
Hilda Manieri
Ernestine Matthews

Rebecca Pittman
Jesse Campbell
Helen McKenney
Dorothy Draper
Elizabeth Harrison

Mary Quick
Josephine Parramore
Margaret Broadbuss
Sybil Tremaine



The battlefield



COLLEGE SENIORS WIN FROM FACULTY TEAM

Score 28 to 24.

Exciting Contest Won By Students.

Amid scenes of wild excitement and hysterical enthusiasm, the faculty of the State Teachers College went down in defeat Tuesday night before the senior class by the score of 24 to 28. The score increased back and forth from one side to the other, and at one time it looked as if the senior class would have to be carried on mules from the floor to the hospital. Unfortunately weakness at guard in the last minute of play alone prevented the faculty team from wiping the seniors off the map.

The work of Miss Harrison and Danabue at forward was superb, especially the long range and accurate goal shooting. Miss Bartlett at center consistently out-jumped her opponent and was literally all over the court and into every play. The other players of the faculty also did well for their team. The faculty songs and cheers were enthusiastically received by the students. Inasmuch as the faculty team has had little practice while the senior team has practiced for this special event, the team went down gracefully in its defeat.

The senior team did splendidly, especially Miss Walker, who shot 12 goals. Miss Morrison played the ball well to her. Miss Dillard and Grey guarded the faculty with care, while Miss William was effective in the scoring. Little Miss Houston was very cute as side center and was in every play. All in all, it was the scorching event of the season.

Before the game the faculty perched in a number of indestructibly funny make-ups, and it was hard indeed to tell "who was who." With songs and yells and a variety of funny stunts, they gave a number of features preliminary to the game, which added a great deal of the interest of the occasion. Very few of the general public was present, as it was more of a school affair, but it brought out more enthusiasm than the average intercollegiate contest.

The lineup was as follows:
Seniors
Walker Forward Harrison
Morrison Forward Danabue
Grey Guard Bowler
Dillard Guard Roberts
William Center Bartlett
Houston Center Haynie,
Referee—Miss Seniors.

FROM THE SENIORS

Comments On The Basketball Game With The Faculty of State Teachers College.

In a previous issue of The Daily Star, there was a report of the Faculty-Senior Class basketball game. The Senior Class feels that this write-up was unsatisfactory, since it was written by a member of the faculty whose unduly and sympathy for opponents was too great to give the faculty team the praise which was due.

In regard to the fact that the Senior Class had practiced once for the game, during their inter-class games with the Sophomore Class, in January, the faculty convicted them in every way. The strategy of basketball technique employed by the faculty far surpassed any class on any college team that has ever played on the floor of the S. T. C. Stepping on toes, blind-folding, center players when shooting for the goal, using the backs of the Senior players for acting role, running with the ball, etc., were new tricks of basketball which were introduced by the faculty.

The Seniors give three cheers to the faculty—not only do they cheer in hearing but in athletics. The Faculty attribute their victory over the unbeaten sextette to worse luck and the attitude of the referee.

"The Dearest Seniors,"
State Teachers College.



Second Childhood

*Do roll books, brief cases and specks
Make up your idea of Profs?
Come visit ours, and you'll think,
At most, they're Freshies or Sophs.*

*One night the Seniors played them
In a modest game of ball;
With all their dignity and splendor
They marched into the hall.*

*The latest modes and fashions
Were pushed into the shade,
For it reminded one
Of East Side on parade.*

*The whistle blew for starting,
And each one jumped in place;
The audience was breathless,
And eager for the race.*

*Was it football or hockey,
Swimming or lacrosse?
It may be natural dancing,
Or jumping o'er the horse.*

*But the Seniors had the nerve—
For when all is said and done,
In spite of fear of flunking,
The Good Ole Seniors WON!*



I Love My Life; It Holds Such Lovely Things



*LOVE my life; it holds such lovely things;
The rustle and the ripple of a vine;
The sheen of silver-purple on the grapes;
The sight of stars above a giant pine;
The scent of flowers that the night wind rapes.
I love my life; it holds such lovely things.*

*I love my life; it holds such lovely things;
The feel of arms that close me round with love;
The laughter that can dance within an eye;
The song dropped by a lark from high above;
The whispered sadness of the Traumerei;
I love my life; it holds such lovely things.*

*I love my life; it holds such lovely things:
The sunset flush above the purple hills;
The golden splendor of a crescent moon;
The magic and the mystery that fills
Each day, and glorifies each night, each noon.
I love my life; it holds such lovely things.*

—VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN.



Blue-Joy



HE beautiful ocean greyhound moved swiftly and gracefully through the water. The white clouds, the sunshine, the blue waves, and even the noiseless seagulls, seemed to defy the existence of anything other than happiness in all this great blue world.

But unhappiness did exist, even on this king of the beautiful waves. Joyce Terry, as she sat watching the long path of white foam which led from the moving ship to the distant horizon, wondered wearily if her path of desires would always lead to the intangible. She felt, like the moving ship, that each moment was carrying her away from all that had meant happiness to her. Her thoughts went back to one year ago, when she met and defeated the champion in tennis singles at her college. A slight mist came before her eyes as she remembered that last serve which brought victory and caused all of Sargeant to go mad. During the illness which had caused her heart to weaken she could hear those cheers again and again—and it seemed they would split her throbbing head.

Dad was awfully decent to send her off on this wonderful trip to Europe. But what did it matter where she went? There could never be any more glorious tennis, and golf, and horse-back rides. What fun could there ever be in just watching the other fellow have a jolly time?

Joyce's eyes traveled from the blue and white sea to the man who was pacing the deck a few yards away. Why didn't this big, strong, healthy-looking individual jump into those inviting waves and race the boat in a delicious swim? That would be great! And she found herself thinking that this six-feet-three could give the long grey monster a close chase. She sighed wearily, and closed her eyes. What did it matter?

That evening as Joyce stood gazing at the sunset she was thrilled through and through at the sight which she felt one saw only a few times during a lifetime. The world was glorious. Overhead the sky was sapphire—turning gracefully into rose as it neared the

The battlefield

western horizon—and finally blended into a brilliant and gorgeous gold. A few snowy clouds here and there were edged with gold against the blue background; and the white caps on each wave sent up tiny sparks which gave the impression that it was lined with jewels. In the midst of all this glory was the sun, reigning supreme in his gorgeous palace. Joyce wanted to jump over the railing, walk right up that shining path of glory, and kneel before the King of the Universe.

"After all, isn't just being alive all that matters?" Joyce turned at the sound of a man's voice at her elbow. His eyes were on the sunset, and she knew from his expression that he was hardly conscious that he had spoken.

"Yes, being alive is all that matters," Joyce responded, "but what a world of meaning is contained in the two words 'being alive'."

Durwood Hall turned to Joyce. He studied her profile a minute and then asked, "And what meaning do those two words hold for you? Surely there is nothing which could possibly surpass this golden world in which we now stand. A sight such as this *is* the meaning of being alive."

"It is wonderful," Joyce conceded. "But is not 'sunset' merely a transient mood? What have we left when it is gone?" She waved her hand toward the west. The clouds had turned to grey. The bright colors had faded, and the sea was an expanse of white and black. "Life means no more to me now than it did before. And," she added softly, "that is less than nothing."

"Tell me why," pleaded this tall, boyish-looking individual. Joyce recognized him as the man who had paced the deck that morning. She hesitated. Something about those serious brown eyes made her want to tell their owner her idea of "being alive" and the reason why her life held memories rather than a future. Perhaps it was because she had pictured him on a tennis court that she felt he would understand.

So, as they paced the deck, Joyce told Durwood Hall of the early morning rides on Sandy, of the golf every Saturday with Dad and hikes up the mountain with Sport, her collie. With flaming cheeks and sparkling eyes she pictured for him the tennis matches

at Sargent. And, last of all, with a touch of tragedy, she told of her illness and its effects which had taken the joy out of life for her.

"Blue-Joy! That's what you are, and I'm awfully glad to meet you," said Durwood, holding out his hand. "I, myself, have viewed the cheering mob from a tennis court and football field. It is the kind of stuff that makes life worth living. But, Blue-Joy, your axiom is correct, but your conclusion is all wrong. Let me tell you where your theory is false. Take, for instance, a tennis game. The physical action, I admit, is glorious, and the harder we have to play the more fun we are having. But is it not that it requires more mental skill to play a hard game? What would a tennis game, or football, or baseball, or any sport, be without the action of our brains? And when we have made an unusually brilliant play, doesn't it give us a thrill? Why? Because we had to run hard for the ball? No. Because we had the brains to see a good play. My theory is this, that one derives as much pleasure from the mental action required in any game as he does from the physical action." Durwood looked down into Joyce's astonished eyes. "And tomorrow, Blue-Joy, I'm going to prove to you that my theory is correct."

The next morning Durwood found Joyce waiting in her steamer chair. The weary look had left her face, and as she greeted him her eyes were sparkling with interest.

"I am waiting to be convinced," she exclaimed. "I am very anxious to know whether your proof lies in argumentation or demonstration."

"Demonstration, wholly and solely, and you are to be your own demonstrator." Whereupon Durwood produced a long black case, which he proceeded to open. In the midst of this operation he stopped and looked suddenly at Joyce.

"Do you love to play tennis?" he asked.

"Do I love it!" she exclaimed. "Why, of course, I do."

"You love it enough to play with me, sitting there in your chair on a steamer en route from New York to England?" Joyce was hopelessly puzzled, and did not attempt an answer. "That is absolutely necessary," explained Durwood, as he continued to open the

The battlefield

black case, "if you are to defeat me playing on my Radio Tennis Court."

Joyce looked in amazement at the board which Durwood had placed before her. It was a tiny tennis court, with a net, and even tiny white chalked lines. On either end of the court stood a miniature figure with a tiny racket, and at its feet were two tiny white balls.

"This," said Durwood, "is my Radio Tennis. If you will look closely, you will discover a network of fine wire about each tiny player. You and I shall have to put these headgears on and make our little players play for us. If you love the game enough, you will be able to concentrate on the game sufficiently for the plays which you formulate in your mind to be transmitted to the action of the figure on the board. Forget that you are sitting motionless in your chair, and put yourself in the place of your player. You serve first."

Joyce was silent a moment. "He won't move," she exclaimed.

"Of course he won't," said Durwood. "*You* have got to move. Didn't I tell you to forget the existence of the little white figure, and to play the game yourself? Well, let me serve first. Now you be sure to return my ball."

Joyce was amazed to see the little figure next to Durwood stoop and pick up a ball and send it flying across the net. However, she forgot her astonishment and the tiny men on the board as she raced across the court to return the ball.

"Love-fifth," she cried as Durwood's ball went crashing into the net.

Joyce played breathlessly for two glorious sets. "My, you are good!" she exclaimed as Durwood sent a cut stroke across the net so swiftly that she lost the play as well as game and set. She removed her headgear and pleaded with flaming cheeks, "Please tell me how you did it."

Durwood removed his headgear, stretched out in his chair, and looked far across the water at a tiny speck on the horizon.

"You know," he began, "there are three kinds of people in the world. First we have the kind who think and talk in terms of other

people. For instance, you may have a neighbor who doesn't think that Mrs. Jones should let her husband go to the club at night, and she goes to Mrs. Smith and confides her opinion of Mrs. Jones to her. Then there are the kinds of people who think and talk in terms of *things*. Your friend who raves continually about beautiful clothes and jewelry falls into that class. And then we have the kind of people who think and talk about *ideas*. The people who belong to this class are the greatest as well as the happiest people in the world. Ideas originate in the mind, and since ideas make people happy, the natural deduction is that the action of the mind causes happiness. On this I based my theory of the Radio Tennis. I analyzed my own love for the sport, and when I subtracted the physical action, there was still the joy of playing the game with my mind.

"Several years ago there was a man in Germany who invented a way of recording the action of the brain of a sleeping person by placing a very technically regulated broadcaster about his head. My invention merely goes a step farther. Instead of merely recording the action of the mind, my Radio Tennis demonstrates the action created *in* the mind."

Durwood turned his gaze from the water to Joyce. She was holding out to him his headgear, and her eyes were sparkling.

"I'll beat you another set," challenged Blue-Joy.

—ELLEN FOX.



the battlefield



FIFTY MILES NORTH



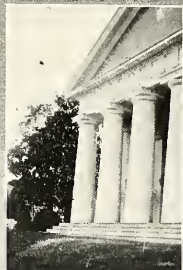
INTERIOR PAN AMERICAN



ARLINGTON MEMORIAL



WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT



LEE'S HOME, ARLINGTON



PAN AMERICAN



MOUNT VERNON

FIFTY MILES NORTH

the battlefield



April Song



*Is he who comes like a gay cavalier
With laughing eyes
And graceful sighs
My fancy?*

*This youth who comes so lithe and tall
With suit of green
And lordly mien
Is April.*

—CECELIA McLAUGHLIN.



A Good Woman



THE tragedy of life lies—not in the unfulfillment of one's desires—but in the fulfillment of them. One can be happy only when one has a crying need for many things that seem impossible to acquire. To give a person the things he most desires, in order to insure his happiness, is to defeat one's purpose at the beginning. We human animals are so constructed that the more possessions we have, the greater restlessness, the more envy and discontent comes to us. Natural man needs but a few things—a hut, some food, and sufficient clothing to protect him from the weather. We, immured in artificiality, striving to attain false standards, flatter ourselves into believing that happiness is a state impossible to attain, but, if the truth were known, happiness is such a simple state, such a fundamental condition, that most of us have merely failed to recognize it. Moreover, to some, happiness can lie in being unhappy."

Dr. James shifted his feet on the stone railing of the clubhouse porch. As he flicked the ashes from his cigar, he looked meditatively upon the figure of a man preparing to tee off, out on the green.

"Do you really mean that any one can be happy in being unhappy?" asked one of his audience, incredulously.

"Most certainly. Take that man, for example. He probably considers himself the most unfortunate of men because he cannot bring his game up to par, yet, when he succeeds in doing so, his interest in the game will wane, and his games will be farther and farther apart. If he could analyze himself, he would find that he is really quite happy—much more so than he suspects. We have become so adept in concealing our emotions, even from ourselves, that we have actually come to believe that the part we play is really true. It isn't. We're all humbugs, and most of us live and die without awakening to the fact. So deep is this protective shell around each of us that we look with suspicion upon the few who have the misfortune to see things as they are, not as we wish them to be."

"Can you give us an example of any one being happy when unhappy, Doctor? You must admit that it is a rather unusual state of mind, or emotion."

"I can give you the complete story of a woman whose entire life was an unconscious revel in unhappiness, and who succeeded in ruining the life of the one person whom she loved by surfeiting him with everything he desired. She was quite like the old hermits. Do you believe for one moment that they did not *enjoy* all those hardships? A hair shirt gave them as much pleasure—genuine pleasure—as a striped silk one gives a bricklayer. People are very seldom good because they consciously reject the bad. They are usually good because they are too inert to be bad. It is much easier to be good than it is to be bad."

"Go on and tell us about this woman, Doctor!"

"She and I lived in the same town, so, although she was much older than I, I can vouch for the entire story. Her name was Mary Maillard, and her family was much too large for both its house and its income. She was one of the older children. Her mother was a novel addict, who saw life through such a roseate glow that it never occurred to her that sunsets come at the end of the best regulated of days. While she lived among the clouds of romance, her children found life quite commonplace and grubby. After pneumonia carried her off to the land in which she expected to meet all the heroes of love and war, Mary spent the following week in cleaning the house for the first time since George, the youngest, had been born.

"The removal of five shelves of paper-backed novels to the ash can was the declaration of a new regime among the Maillards. Mary, the only one of the lot who was blessed with any great amount of common sense, took charge as a matter of course, and the others accepted her—also as a matter of course.

"George, the youngest, was the only one from whom she did not exact obedience and regularity. The others might have to appear at breakfast on time, or go to school hungry, but George would find his breakfast still warm in the oven when he chose to rise. The younger children might wear the others' clothing in economical succession, but George's clothes were always fairly new, and obviously his own.

the battlefield

"When other girls were going through the period of silent worship of some teacher, some movie star, or some hero in literature, Mary was busy figuring how the family could be given dessert for dinner and George given a new suit of clothes at the same time. When other girls developed desperate crushes for some one a little older, or a trifle younger than they, Mary was buying George a baseball bat, and was being told by him that all the other fellows had Babe Ruth's, and that the new bat was too light for anybody except a baby. When other girls were having dates with eligible and ineligible young men, Mary was taking George to the movies every Friday night to see Tom Mix in *The Hero of the Plains*.

"Needless to say, Mary's sudden marriage to a successful jeweler in town was a most overwhelming shock to every one. No one had ever imagined her as married. Her complete absorption in George had set her apart in the eyes of the town people. Her satisfied martyrdom, her uncomplaining relinquishment of everything that young people love in life, made people often say, 'Poor Mary, I feel so sorry for her.' Yet, she, deliberately wasting her life, enjoyed it, not only because of her infatuation for George, but simply because giving up her individualism satisfied her, and, in some aborted way, gratified her inward egotism. Mary was appreciated, not only by her pitying friends, but also by herself.

"Mary's marriage was not, in the popular sense, a success. Her husband was much older than she, very exacting, very irritable. She was reticent, while he liked spontaneity. She was flint-like in her unyielding obstinacy, while he liked gentle acquiescence. Their life together soon resolved itself into a mutual neutrality, the calm of which neither was interested enough to break.

"This marriage, seemingly calm and peaceful, really such a farce, satisfied Mary. She now had an undisputed social prestige, though she did not care to use it. Best of all, she was able to supply George with money—in small enough sums to keep him dependent upon her. The other young men called him lucky, but George, who took this help as a matter of course, grew more and more restless, more discontented, more reckless. Wild as he was, weak as he was, every one liked him. George was essentially lovable.

"Mary's husband, who had objected to supporting her entire family, especially her 'no-count brother,' who should have been supporting himself, put his foot down. The doctor had ordered that he must not be opposed or excited. Mary wrote him a letter, addressed to the store, asking for several hundred dollars to pay George's latest debts, and threatening to sell her wedding pearls if she did not get the money. Her husband was found dead from a stroke of apoplexy in his office at the rear of the store.

"Mary, looking very dignified in her long, black veil, and her lovely pearls, immediately turned over her share of the estate to George, who had recently married. They built a beautiful home, and George set himself up in business. Unable to do anything for any length of time, failing in every undertaking, the money spent lavishly and without return, he soon lost it all. They moved into a smaller house. Mary grew thinner, but still remained serene and cold.

"They grew poorer and poorer. George was a failure. Discouraged in business, he tried to retrieve his funds by gambling. In a clubhouse one night, after he had lost all he had, some one openly coupled his name with a somewhat notorious woman in town. George drew back his chair quietly, and announced that he was going to kill the man. That night, the man, frightened by the seriousness of the threat, swore out a warrant. When they went to arrest George, they met him coming out of the woman's house with her. George drew his pistol, shot the man, then the woman, and turned the pistol on himself.

"The tragedy and disgrace of this seemed to leave Mary untouched. She was outwardly as cool, as unapproachable as before. Inwardly, her emotions were exhausted. George, her one outlet, her only mode of self-expression, had failed her—had repudiated all her generosity by taking his own life. Her pride was unbroken, but she had nothing on which to sustain it. She was simply a repressed woman, who had lost everything, gained nothing, deserved nothing, but who could not acknowledge the fact."

"But what happened to her?"

"Oh! she tried to get work in a department store, but they could not put up with her silent contempt. She wandered around town,

the battlefield

doing nothing, saying nothing, neither asking nor expecting any pity. Toward the last, her actions became so queer that people avoided her. Finally she created a scene on Main Street by attempting to cut down, with scissors, the awning of the store formerly owned by her husband, claiming it belonged to her. After that, the doctors pronounced her mentally unbalanced, and unsafe for the community. She is in one of the State asylums—a monomaniac. And yet, although she was directly responsible for the death of her husband, the murder of two defenseless people, and the suicide of her brother, she was what the world would call 'a good woman'!"

—VIRGINIA MUSSELMAN.





Fredericksburg



National Cemetery



Confederate Cemetery



The Garden of Mary Washington's House



Garden of Mary Washington's House



The Oldest House in Fredericksburg

Chatham





Garden at Chatham

the battlefield



OME tiny thorns of memory
I weave, despite the pain;
I let them prick my finger-tips
To bring love back again.

Within my wreath is woven
Berries flaming red;
And I have stained my fingers
For you, whose love is dead.

—LOISE STEUART, '26.



Climbing Ivy



ERNEST WARD, the youngest of a family of seven, came into the world handicapped by many physical defects. His father was only a laborer in a flour mill not far from their tiny home, and it was because of the lack of money that little Ernest had not been given proper medical attention.

Because of Ernest's inability to keep up with the other boys and girls, he was left much of the time to himself. His one joy came when his mother's work was done. She would then read to him from the large book on the shelf about great men who had sacrificed much for home and country. Could he ever do this? It was food for his over-active mind, and a thought that was ever-present with him.

It was springtime, and Ernest's father had taken him out on a Sunday afternoon into the nearby woods. Pretty flowers and little sprigs of grass were pushing their way through the dried leaves of the fall before. Never had Ernest enjoyed an afternoon with his father more than this one. Everything was in perfect harmony, and his soul seemed to soar forth and mingle with the breezes in the treetops.

As the sun lowered its rays upon the two, they turned their steps homeward, but once again Ernest turned his curly head, that he might gaze upon the scene which would ever be beautiful to him.

What could it be that he saw—something that had escaped his eye before? It was the softest green imaginable. He could not leave the spot; it seemed as though he were riveted there. He could not go home without knowing what this new green thing could be.

With but little persuasion his ever-sympathetic father retraced his steps to the sturdy old oak.

"What is it, father?" asked Ernest, with keen interest.

"My son, it looks like the old-fashioned climbing ivy. It grew on your grandfather's farm down in old Virginia, but it's the first I've seen since I was a lad like you."

With skillful hands Ernest's father dug up one of the long sprays to satisfy his son's desire for it, and again they wound their way through the woodland path.

Day after day, as the boys and girls passed in going to school, they would see Ernest tenderly caring for a little green plant that looked almost as sickly as the child. But with water and sunshine the little plant grew into a beautiful vine, and gradually spread itself over the shabby porch of Ernest's home. Beautiful beyond words it was to this little boy, and in it he could behold his hope in the future.

The great God who had given life to this plant had also made him. With a faith ever strong and patient, he prayed to this Great One to give strength to his little frail body.

As the green sprig from the wood had grown into a luxurious vine, so little Ernest gained in strength, a miracle as it seemed to his proud parents, and was able to attend school.

After many hardships and sacrifices, Ernest finally reached college, to leave four years later with all of the honors a college could bestow.

On Sunday mornings, if you will go to a little village in Northern Maryland, you will find an old man with silver hair delivering the morning's text. Ask him what you may, but his reply will be, "My success came from the still voice I heard in a sprig of climbing ivy."

—GRACE GIANNOTTI.



*S*o many things have lent themselves
To make us what we are—
A silver sunset glazed with red,
A glowing planet overhead,
A mountain—or an earthen jar.
A kiss, a note, a helping hand
Has made us see, and understand.
We do not ask for ideal lives,
But just the gift of him who strives.
We do not beg to set the pace
Our fathers led; we end the race.
Each hand has moulded us each day,
And made us more than common clay.
Each fragile flower has left its tint;
Each bird a song, each day a glint.
We are the product of the years—
Blended sorrows, dreams and tears.

—STEUART, '26.



Slickers



FROM my high window I look down upon the grove and the wet, gleaming road that leads to town. Out of the Dormitory come two happy girls in purple slickers.

Time was when a raincoat was a dank, rheumatic thing, smelling of wet dye, and suggestive of soaked feet and cold in the head. It seemed to droop wearily under the downpour of rain. Hidden in mouldy closets under the stairs, it became a necessity in time of storm, and an embarrassment when the sun shone again. One never wanted to buy a raincoat.

The brilliant slicker is made of crisp oilskin. Its hue is richest when wet and does not yield dispiritedly and brokenly to the onslaught of the rain. This slicker is absolutely stormproof, even though it is very light of weight.

Even as that purple splendor moves away, down the double avenue of trees toward the heart of the city, a scarlet one, jauntily alive, appears as bright as any tulip on the sidewalk. Its stand-up collar is lined with soft corduroy and buckles closely about the throat. How different from the cold, clammy collar of the old raincoat!

Next a green, all softly bright, walks with a yellow, the beautiful yellow of wet leaves. Crimson, and blue, and henna—how new an idea and how fine to carry the pretty and bright into dullness and deluge.

I lean out to watch until the tiny drops from the eaves run down my neck and I am reminded that I need a slicker.

—CATHERINE PERRY.



Miss Green's Trip to Washington

To those who have been complaining of the monotony of week-ends, this article is respectfully dedicated



At any time your soul is possessed with a desire for a new experience, a new thrill—if you wish to enjoy the unusual, if you long for that grateful feeling of being glad of life, go to Washington with Miss Green. If in the uncertainties of life you return safely, physically you may be the same, but mentally and emotionally you will be forever changed.

To begin with, you will probably be installed on the back seat with a suitcase on either side, and you and the suitcases will be tossed up until you come in active contact with the top. In one sense, this is not unfortunate. Your dazed condition prevents you from realizing what you are going through. The car swings around the dumb policeman on two wheels, whirls down the hill, hits the little bridge with a crash, leaps up the hill, and you are on your way.

From the very beginning you pass other cars. Cars rush by, and in place of the horn, Miss Green calls out to them, "Get out of my way! I'm on my way to Washington! Get out of my way!" They get. A few, unable to stand the strain, take to the ditch when they see her coming. Up hill, down hill, across bridges, around curves, through ruts, through sand, Miss Green literally wings her way to Washington, keeping up an even fifty-five miles an hour. With each new mile you realize afresh the delights of the life you are leaving behind you. You watch each object along the road, because if you must die, you want the satisfaction of knowing what killed you. You view a load of hay with longing. It would make such a gorgeous place to land.

Once in a while you lose your self-control, and call out, "Miss Green, are your brakes working?" She lets go of the steering wheel, turns around, and calls back cheerfully, "No, dear, the foot brake isn't working, but the emergency brake is all right." Each time she hits a bump you hit the top. The best thing about that is that she misses quite a few bumps because she only hits the high places.

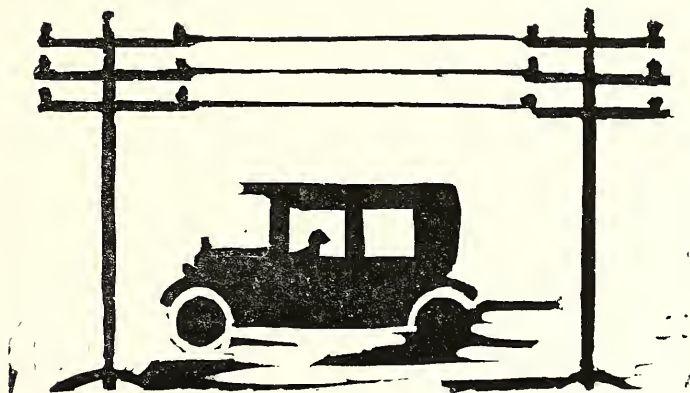
In Alexandria she absent-mindedly starts to run over a Mt. Vernon bus, weighing several tons, but Miss Bartlett grabs the emergency brake and prevents it. In Washington she generously gives her carburetor so

much gas that she stops at every corner, holding up traffic in a most unusual way.

Several hours later you crawl half-heartedly into the Essex and start back. The road is full of deep ice ruts and snow. Miss Green races through them at a speed that scares you to think. The car swings around curves so fast that you feel like reaching out and pushing them back. You keep your eyes glued in horror on the road, but Miss Green turns her head from side to side, and cries ecstatically, "Isn't the scenery beautiful, dear?" You rush over ruts that look like gorges. At last, as you try to console yourself with the thought that the car cannot go any faster, Miss Green hits the macadam and calls out, "Good! Now we can speed!"

At last, after what seems years of suspense, the car whirls up to Virginia Hall. You fall out, too dazed to speak, but you hear Miss Green say, "I'm *so* sorry I took so long getting you here, dear. I don't know what's wrong with my car, but it doesn't seem to want to go." She has made the trip from the Triangle to Virginia Hall over bad winter roads, having two blowouts, in an hour and a half, and apologizes for her slowness!

You can only gasp.



the battlefield



Fifty Miles South

Mary's Ghosts



"HAT was that?" said Mary, as the light flickered and then went out. "What was it?" came from Bob, the elder brother. "What was it, did you say? Well, I should imagine it was the expiration of the well-spent life of an electric light bulb. Just what did you think it was, the 'hants' that Mammy Lou was telling you had infested this place 'ever since the wah? If you are going to be a slave to your nerves, you should never listen to such—" But before he could finish in rushed Mary, pale as any one of the ghosts

in Mammy Lou's collection.

"Bob, there's somebody in this house!"

"Quite a correct statement of facts, Sis. I always hoped Dad wasn't wasting breath when he insisted that you get the facts and then proceed, only you might have said two somebodies; otherwise you are excluding yourself or me, and I don't propose to be excluded."

"Bob, don't be so exasperating, I tell you there is somebody in this house who doesn't belong here."

"Poor Dad, if he could only know the result of his labor. Twice in one evening you have 'gotten the facts.' Only today I had a letter from Mr. Stacy notifying me that the will had been found, and this place wasn't ours at all, so it seems that we are where we don't belong; but I don't see how you knew it, unless you have been departing from the one and only rigid rule of this household by reading my personal mail."

"Oh, Bob, won't you believe me when I tell you there is something or somebody in the house. That light didn't just go out. It was put out! I could feel——"

Tap, tap, tap—tap, tap, tap. "Listen, Bob, what is that? I knew there was something in here, I knew it. I knew it. Bob, don't you hear it, please——" Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap. "Bob, if you don't see what it is, I shall call the police—I——"

"You couldn't do that, my dear, since there are none, but if you will promise to——" Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap.

"I won't promise anything—Bob, please see who it is; it's somebody."

"Would you prefer that I return with the Somebody dead or live?" And Bob, with the poker in one hand and his cane in the other, went forth. Breathlessly, Mary waited while Bob tiptoed up the stairs and toward the spot where the tap, tap, tap was coming, and then—a loud peal of laughter rang in poor Mary's ears. Peacefully sitting in one of the upper rooms was Spot, the pet of the household and the most beloved of dogs, wagging his tail while he waited for the cat on the window sill to make the first move—the innocent old dog never realizing that the tap, tap, tap of his tail against the floor would cause so much alarm. Bob ushered him down the stairs to Mary, and the two somebodies and the one something marched bravely into the darkened room to examine the light that had flickered and then gone out. Much to Bob's delight, Mary's disgust and Spot's bewilderment, they discovered that the bulb had died the most natural of deaths.

—KITTIE HATCHETT.

the battlefield

POINTS OF INTEREST



N.J. 23rd VOLUNTEER



HUGH MERCER MONUMENT



FALMOUTH



CHATHAM GARDENS



BELMONT



BROMPTON



MARYE'S HEIGHTS



THE DAM



JACKSON'S
MONUMENT

NEAR FREDERICKSBURG



CHANCELLORSVILLE



RISING SUN
TAVERN



MARY WASHINGTON'S
MONUMENT



MEDITATION ROCK



WAKEFIELD, BIRTH PLACE
OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

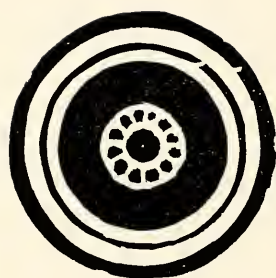


OLD SALEM CHURCH



KENMORE







The battlefield



An Agreement of Incorporation Known as "Rainbow Sextette"



This agreement, made and entered into the twenty-first day of March, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred Twenty-Six, by and between Miss Marion Bartlett, of Orleans, Vt., and Miss Donohue, of Rochester, N. Y., of the first part, and Miss Page Harrison, Miss Gertrude Bowler, Miss Kuhn Roberts, of Virginia, of the second part, witnesseth as follows:

1. The said parties above named hereby agree to become joint owners of a 1912 model Ford automobile.
2. That said automobile shall be titled "Freddie" as a dedication to and appreciation of pleasant experiences at the State Teachers College, Fredericksburg, Va.
3. That ownership and possession of said automobile shall be in the name of the "Rainbow Sextette," after obtaining trade-mark and title from a group of indigent ones known as "The Decrepid Seniors."
4. The capital of said "Rainbow Sextette" shall consist of the sum of one hundred and seventy-five dollars, to be contributed as follows:

The parties of the first part shall pay the sum of eighty-seven dollars, jointly or severally, on or before the first accident of their service at this College, the maximum time being limited to twenty years.

5. The parties of the first part shall pay for running expenses one week, and the parties of the second part on the second week.
6. Each of the said parties shall be allowed to drive the machine and at all times until their riding instinct is satisfied.

The ballfield

7. The council on the defense for violation of traffic regulations shall be Miss Green, an expert automobilist and machinist.
8. The traffic cop regulating the operation and parking of "Freddie" on property north of Frances Willard and in accessibility to the gasoline alley shall be Miss Annie Clark.
9. Miss Powell shall be the prosecuting attorney in case of violation of traffic ordinances on the hill.
10. All cases shall be tried before Judge Alice Curry not later than the second day of the offense.
11. Not more than twenty nor less than five persons shall ride in said automobile.
12. The fee of charge for a ride in said automobile shall not be more than ten cents to town. All such collection made in jitney service shall be contributed to a fund to be known as the "Spark Plug Fund."
13. Miss Jean Rosborough, Miss Moore and Miss Daniel shall be obligated to crank said automobile when said automobile requires such operation.
14. Miss Olive Garrison shall be given the contract for painting said automobile.
15. This agreement hereby created by the "Rainbow Sextette" shall continue in full force and effect until June 9, 1927.

In witness whereof, the said parties have hereunto set their hands and seals, the twenty-first day of March, 1926.

..... (SEAL)
..... (SEAL)
..... (SEAL)
..... (SEAL)
..... (SEAL)



The S. T. C. Essay on Boys

Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas; and girls are women that will be ladies by and by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam, he said to himself: "Well, I think I can do better if I try again," and he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was then made, and she has never rested since.

To Miss Donahue



She took me on the hockey field,
She did not pause for air,
She ran me round for one whole hour;
I wished I was not there.

She made me chase a little ball,
Though why I could not see;
She ran me till my tongue hung out,
She would not pity me.

The sun, that bright, September day,
Was shining down so hot,
That it raised blisters on my neck,
And made me curse my lot.

I covered every inch of ground
On that derved hockey field;
She would not call for us to stop—
I swore I would not yield.

And when that blessed bell did ring
And I dragged to my bed,
It took eight hours to cool me off,
And then I felt like dead.

And tho' I have forgiven her,
Forgotten that bad deal,
I often wonder why we chased
That ball around the field.





Jazz Up The Weather!



The big trouble with the weather nowadays is the way it's advertised.

Uncle Sam's meteorological sharks still are dishing up daily 1887 forecasts for 1926 sport model storms.

There's nothing thrilling about reading: "Probably snow tonight and Tuesday with north to northwest winds. No change in temperature."

But think how much interest the Weather Bureau could stir up if it would hire a couple of ninety-horse-power balloon-tired copy-writers to hand out the weather something like this:

"B-r-r-r-r-r! Cold, Buddy? Afraid you're getting old? Cheer up, old man; this cold spell is still running along in second. Cold, Kitty, but tonight's going to be so frigid the radio programs will freeze in the air! And the snow'll be thicker than job-seekers when Congress convenes again. Monopolize blankets, shine up the coal shovel and step on the gas. And anchor the old northwest windows, for she's going to blow blue blazes. Tomorrow? Some more of the same."

Sometimes the weather man has to shoot blindly with one of those "Cloudy, probably occasional showers and variable winds" foregueses.

Why not turn 'em out like menus and let the poor public take its choice? Then the cuckoo who picks out the wrong thing can't blame it on Uncle Sam's climate dispensers.

Like this:

TONIGHT

(Choice of one)

FAIR	CLOUDY	STORMY	RAIN
HAIL			SNOW

(Choice of two)

WARM	MILD	MODERATE	COLD
------	------	----------	------

(Choice of one or combination of any two)

NORTH WIND	SOUTH WIND	EAST WIND	WEST WIND
------------	------------	-----------	-----------

(Floods and Hurricanes with any Storm Order)

??? Dancing ???

There's a rhythmic swing and a joyous strut
As they step out of the classroom rut—
The faculty's dancing tonight.

There's a rattle of teeth and a creak of bones,
A burst of jazz in indignant tones—
The faculty's dancing tonight.

There's a hectic flare as of youthful fire,
Late aftermath of suppressed desire—
The faculty's dancing tonight.

There's a lilting pause, then a sickening whirl,
A gasp of terror and a clutch at the girl—
The faculty's dancing tonight.

There's a twiddle of feet and ungainly stride,
A girl grimly grasping the one at her side—
The faculty's dancing tonight.

There's a shuffling step and a smothered moan
Like the dying gasp of a saxophone—
The faculty's dancing tonight.

There's an impish abandon, a shiver of mirth,
One ancient spirit is loosed from the earth—
The faculty's dancing tonight.



Be Sweet

You never can tell just what she will say,
She's master of herself each hour of the day.
She's clever and witty, and sometimes she's bold,
But the hearts of the students she always can hold.

You may sit and squirm, and hold to your seat,
As she lectures and asks of the students "be sweet."
But we're always surprised by her speeches until
We hear her add: "Keep the tone of the Hill!"



Long, Long Ago, Long Ago



Place: State Teachers College, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Point of Interest: The Student Government Bulletin Board.

Time: 1880.

1. In view of the fact that Miss Dorothy Holton and Miss Jesse Squire went buggy riding on the plank road with two town boys, the Council sees fit to suspend them for the remainder of the session.
2. In view of the fact that Rosa Lee Kilman and Dorothy Bradshaw exposed their ankles in The Rising Sun Tavern, while having tea, the Council sees fit to campus them indefinitely and put them on probation.
3. In view of the fact that a mouse proceeded to annoy Jane Whitehead to extent that she fainted and that Gladys Gillet laughed and was rather boisterous and showed little sympathy for Miss Whitehead's calamitous position, the Council severely reprimands the behavior of Miss Gillet.
4. In view of the fact that Miss Alice Stone has been reading a book called "Eugenics," the Council takes the stand that Miss Stone be room campused for eight weeks.
5. In view of the fact that Miss Ella Talley has been advancing a radical and detrimental plan for woman's suffrage, the Council considers that Miss Talley's influence is so detrimental to ideals of "ladies" that it has seen fit to ask her to withdraw from the school.
6. In view of the fact that Miss Mildred Crawford carelessly turned over an oil lamp in the library, and that the lamp exploded and jeopardized the group of students who were studying, the Council denies her the privilege of working in the library.
7. In view of the fact that Miss K. Micks kept her lights on until 8 o'clock, the Council has strict room campused her.
8. In view of the fact that some of the Normal School girls were boisterous on the carriage from Fredericksburg to Spotsylvania, the Council takes away their privilege of going home at Easter time.

“Co-operation”



The wheels of time are whirling fast,
Bringing new words as they go past.
But at our college there's none so nice
As Mr. Chandler's old device—

CO-OP-E-RAY-SHUN!

At chapel time we always hear
A two-hour speech from “Al” so dear,
And, like a ringing of the bells,
He stands before us girls and yells

CO-OP-E-RAY-SHUN!

Each year, each month, each week and day,
No matter what will come your way,
To tackle the thing alone you'll lose,
But mark his word and always use

CO-OP-E-RAY-SHUN!

“Beware,” he cried, “the selfish duff;
Democracy is quite the stuff.”
And we this principle will learn,
Always upon our hearts will burn,

CO-OP-E-RAY-SHUN!



Miss Rosborough:

“I always work best under opposi-
tion.”

Miss Garrison:

“And shine best when there's no com-
petition.”

Mr. Hamlet:

“There are three kinds of liars—a
liar, a damn liar, and a college cata-
logue.”



Sayings Never Heard

Miss.....	"Now, let's go back and gather up the threads."
Miss.....	"There's something nice about that."
Miss.....	"Yes, dear."
Mr.....	"Co-operate."
Miss.....	"The technique."
S. G.....	"In view of the fact."
Dr.....	"Good Golly Pete."
Miss.....	"I agree with Miss Curry."
Miss.....	"I don't know but what I would."
Miss.....	"Absolutely!"
Mr.....	"Think it through; the situation is——"
Faculty.....	"They shall not pass!"



As Interpreted on the Hill

<i>The Descent into the Maelstrom</i> —The postoffice at 9 o'clock.	<i>The Immigrants</i> —Lee-Hill teachers.
<i>Intolerance</i> —Faculty meeting.	<i>The Professor's House</i> —Mr. Tyner's.
<i>Barren Ground</i> —Our minds.	<i>One of Ours</i> —Mrs. Bushnell.
<i>Bread</i> —Sunday night suppers.	<i>Bread Givers</i> —The kitchen help.
<i>Paradise Lost</i> —On campus.	<i>Keeper of the Bees</i> —The office.
<i>Paradise Regained</i> —Off campus.	<i>The Old Ladies</i> —Faculty Annex.
<i>Wild Geese</i> —Freshmen.	<i>Forbidden Fruit</i> —Cigarettes.
<i>Dark Laughter</i> —Rastus.	<i>Growth of the Soil</i> —Spring Nature study.



As We See It

A Skin You Love to Touch—*Sheepskin diploma.*
 Eventually, Why Not Now—*Sign for Annual.*
 Makes Breathing Easier—*Gym.*
 America's Most Famous Dessert—*Apricots.*
 They Satisfy—*D's.*
 It Floats—*A formal reception.*
 Save the Surface and You Save All—*Keep off the grass.*
 Good to the Last Drop—*Coffee at the little store.*
 Everything in Sporting Goods—*Varsity.*
 Prestige—*Presidents.*
 There's a Reason—*For stiff joints.*
 Golden Dates—*Christmas Vacation.*
 Sealed Tight, Packed Right—*Student-body meeting.*
 Makes Everything Spick and Span—*The maid.*
 It Pays to Advertise—*Alice Stone.*
 For Internal Cleanliness—*Y. W. services.*
 Fifty-Seven Varieties—*Mrs. Bushnell.*

In the Saddle and Out



RASTUS says 'Pete's ready!'
The girls all crowd below,
And so with knees a-tremble
I ascended for a go.

The weather was quite chilly,
The ground was white with snow;
Pete was in fine spirits
And just aching to let go.

We left the campus far behind,
And loped into the fields;
Pete's ears came up a little more,
And likewise did his heels.

At first I left the saddle,
And soon came down a bam!
To be lifted twice as high,
And then I hit the ground.

I landed on the first thoracic,
And rolled into the snow;
Pete kicked his heels, both front and back,
And oh! how he did go.

Mr. Gordon was on Billy,
But he turned 'round at the sight;
He slid down from his saddle
And ran with all his might.

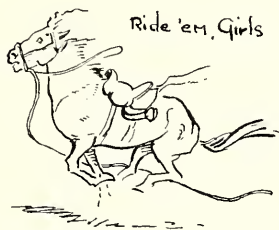
He rescued Pete from out the field,
And helped poor me to mount,
But I felt just like others thrown,
And said Pete didn't count.

So then I mounted Billy,
To ride the homeward trail;
Molly Vaughan returns on Lady
As stately as a rail.

Horses will be horses,
And some are hard to ride,
But some are nice and slender
Like Pete—doggone his hide!

So just sit tight and ride, girls,
And fall—if fall you must—
For everybody in the Club
Has sometime hit the dust.

—LUCY HOBSON.



the battlefield

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And by asking foolish questions
Take up recitation time.



"Keep off the grass!" that is the cry
We hear it every day;
We hear the warning with a sigh,
But walk—the same old way.
A. L. J.



OLD WORDS—NEW MEANINGS

Beastly weather—Raining cats and dogs.
Going off without a hitch—A postponed wedding.
Confined to their beds—Rivers.
Bachelor—One who thinks he understands women.
Benedict—One who knows he doesn't.



A FRESHMAN PRAYER

*Now I lay me down to rest
Before I take that awful test,
If I should die before I wake,
Oh, joy, I'll have no test to take.*



SIX REASONS WHY MARY LEFT COLLEGE

1. Math.
2. Science.
3. Art.
4. Nature Study.
5. English.
6. Last, but not least—the Teacher.

Dot Holton: "Oh, dear, I just can't adjust my curriculum."

Gillet: "That's all right. It doesn't show any."

—•—

"Who goes there?"

"Brothers, a Freshman."

"Pass, Freshie."

"Who goes there?"

"Hatchett, a Sophomore."

"Pass, Soph."

"Who goes there?"

"Who wants to know?"

"Pass, Senior."

—•—

"Oh, doctor! I suffer too much. Let me die."

"I don't need your advice, madam. I know my own work."

—•—

"What was your former line of work?"

"I was an organist."

"And why did you give it up?"

"The monkey died."

—•—

"What is the trouble, Sonny?" inquired one of the bank officials after watching a little fellow who had stood patiently waiting near the outside door for nearly an hour. "Can I help you put your money in the bank?"

"No, sir, I have plenty of time yet." And he looked up at the clock, then at the people who were passing in and out of the building. "You see, I am waiting for the man who lives in our flat."

"Oh! I see; he is going to put your money in for you."

"Naw, he ain't either. But my dad says that he blows in all his money, and I just wanted to learn how it is done."

—•—

Mary McLaughlin: "I'm just as wise as you are."

Cele McLaughlin: "Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

the ballfield

Sallie B. (in chorus): "Muss, what are you reading?"

Muss: "The Growth of the Soil."

Sallie B.: "I didn't know you were taking General Science."



Why are college girls like fire horses?

They run whenever the bell rings.



A Young Man: "Is Miss Wood in?"

The Maid: "No, sir."

The Man: "Very sorry. I will leave this candy for her."

The Maid: "Thank you, sir. She was just wishing she had some when you rang."



Nancy Lee: "I've changed my mind."

Ann Tankard: "Does it work any better?"



Lillian Graff: "My dad is an Eagle, and an Elk, a Moose, and a Lion."

Willie Morris: "Gosh! what does it cost to see your dad?"



"He isn't a very well-dressed boy, but he always wears his best hat on his 'week' end."



Freshman: "Are all teachers book worms?"

Senior: "All but geometry teachers."

Freshman: "What are they?"

Senior: "Angle worms."



Kitty Hatchett: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Elizabeth Harrison: "No; who teaches it?"

Porfessors



I came to college for some fun,
I got more'n that before I was done;
Besides the arts and the science,
I learned of defiance—
And all about Professors as well.

Education was the first,
For "true and false" it's the worst.
"Miss Mary, that will do;
You're not thinking it thru."
And I learned of Professors from Him.

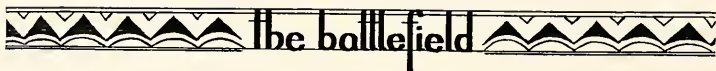
I studied history all day
While striving for an "A,"
But if you're not "teacher's pet,"
Why a "C" you will get—
And I learned of Professors from Him.

They told me art was a snap—
To take it without hap;
While we stopped not for breath,
She worked us to death—
And I learned of Professors from Her.

In the dining-room "Be still;
We must have tone on the Hill;
Young ladies, be sweet—and so—
And so—I think you may go."
And I learned of Professors from Her.

And for the Rainbow Sextette,
With smiles they were met;
For gay larks they were ready,
And wild stunts in Freddy—
And I learned of Freddy from Them.

Now take advice from me,
And let all Professors be;
But I know you will not—
You will try the whole lot,
And learn of Professors yourself.



You'll Like These

Marion: "My banjo's company for me."

Beebe: "So you pick your own company."

The Scotchman treated the Irish family to a tune on the bagpipes. When he had finished he looked round and remarked with pride:

"Eh, Mon, that's verra deefficult."

"Difficult, is it?" remarked Pat. "Be jabers, 'wish it had been impossible."

"I can't find any old clothes in which to dress up the scarecrow," grumbled a farmer.

"Use some of those fancy things Mary brought back from S. T. C.," said his wife.

"I'm trying to scare the crows, not make 'em laugh themselves to death," said the farmer.

Dot Holton (at last in a mood to study): "Goodness, I do hope I can feel like this all night 'cause I'm in a studying mood."

Dot Childress: "Well I do wish it were catching."

Soph (in the Library): "Has any one seen 'The Crested Hen'?"

Freshman (seriously): "In the henhouse, I suppose."

(*Cele McLaughlin and Ella Talley in the tea room.*) *Cele*: "Well, who's gonna treat?"

Talley: "I'll tell you what let's do. I'll ask myself a question, and if I can't answer it I'll treat. You ask yourself a question, and if you can't answer it you'll treat."

Cele: "Agreed. Fire away."

Talley: "How do prairie dogs dig their huts without getting any dirt on the outside?"

Cele (mischievously): "That's your question. Answer it."

Talley: "They begin at the bottom and dig up."

Cele (surprised): "But how do they get to the bottom?"

Talley (triumphantly): "That's your question. Answer it."

Cele treated.

19 twenty six

The Representative from North Carolina was one night awakened by his wife, who whispered, "John, John, get up! There are robbers in the house."

"Robbers?" he said. "That's preposterous! There may be robbers in the Senate, Mary, but not in the House."

-♦-

A writer says that a man should be master in his own home or know the reason why. Married men usually know the reason why.

-♦-

After the motor accident the unfortunate victim was carried into a house nearby. A few minutes later a smartly dressed young man ran up the steps and rang the bell.

"Excuse me," he said to the maid who opened the door. "Can I see the gentleman who was brought in here a few minutes ago?"

"I'm afraid not," replied the girl; "he hasn't come to his senses yet."

"Good," said the man; "that'll suit me fine. I want to sell him another car."

-♦-

"How's that new secretary of yours making out?" inquired the senior partner.

"Oh, all right, I suppose," answered the junior. "She's got things so tangled up in my office already that I can't get along without her."

-♦-

Mother: "How was it you didn't win the spelling prize?"

"Oh! I put too many 'Z's' in scissors."

-♦-

"Hey you, whatcha in such a hurry for?"

"Goin' tuh work."

"Well, what's de rush?"

"Got 30,000 men under me, an' I gotta get to work."

"What's your job, man?"

"I'se night watchman in a cemetery."

-♦-

Driving with one hand is risky. Sooner or later you are bound to run into a church.

The battlefield

Two Irishmen, just landed, stopped at a private boarding house one hot July night. Retiring early, they left the window open and the light burning brightly. The mosquitoes swarmed into the room and began biting.

Mike, awakening, called to Pat to put out the light. Pat got up and put it out and crawled back to bed again.

Pat awoke about an hour later and found the room full of fireflies, and said: "It's no use, Mike. They are coming in with lanterns."

- - -

There had been a little quarrel and she turned to him with tears in her eyes.

"Well, John, even though I have been extravagant, I got a bargain today."

"Yes, I'll bet it was a bargain. You have no idea of the value of money. I suppose you got something for nothing."

"Well, I got a birthday present for you."

- - -

Getting to his feet, the dice roller said, disconsolately, "Well, I's clean."

One of his neighbors turned and inquired, "You is which?"

"I says," came the downhearted reply, "I'm broke. CLEAN."

"Clean?" was the retort. "Why, big boy, you wasn't very dirty when you come into this game, wus you?"

- - -

"It must be three years since I saw you last. I hardly knew you—you have aged so."

"Really? Well, I wouldn't have known you except for that dress."

- - -

"Why is Smith taking deep-sea diving lessons?"

"He is going to Florida next month to look at some land he bought from a friend of his."

- - -

September 17—*Freshman to Freshman*: "We'll be friends to the end."

One week later—*Freshman to Freshman*: "Lend me \$5 to go up to Charlottesville for the week-end."

One minute later—*Freshman to Freshman*: "This is the end."



Heard in Class

Teacher: "Use the word feature in a sentence."

Freshman: "My, what big feet youse have."

FOUND IN TEST PAPERS

"Italy imports makaroni, beens and Italians to the United States. The United States gets ivory but not the sope from Africa. George Washington got married so he could become the father of his country. The Equator is a belt running around the earth and giving off heat as it goes."

Dr. Cook: "Discuss briefly the process of developing a picture?"

Answer: "By a process of stretching it over a board and heating this negative, we have a picture made of the object that we have taken."

Miss Milligan: "What is this?" (pointing to the picture of a zebra).

Freshie: "A horse in a bathing suit."

Miss Rosborough's French Class: "Here, girls, is a silver franc piece, sent to me from Paris as a souvenir."

Pep Williams: "Do you happen to have any of those Latin quarters I've read so much about?"

Miss Fox: "I have a cold or something in my head."

Miss Garrison: "Probably a cold."

Miss Walker (the morning after the mixed dance): "I had an awful nightmare last night."

Miss Garrison: "I saw you with him."

Dr. Young: "I hope you are enjoying your winter sports."

Mabel Thompson (moderately): "I'm engaged to three of them."

the battlefield

Miss Rosborough to Julia Ellison: "You seem able-bodied and healthy. You ought to be strong enough to work."

Julia: "True enough, Miss Rosborough. You look beautiful enough to be in the movies, but evidently you prefer easy life."

—♦—

Mr. Tyner (to class in Administration): "We'll take up the twenty-first chapter today. How many of you have read it?"

Administration: "I have! I have! I have!"

Mr. Tyner: "Well, young ladies, there happens not be a twenty-first chapter in the book. You're Seniors, too!"

—♦—

Hilda: "How can I drive a nail without hitting my finger?"

Miss Jessup: "Hold the hammer with both hands."

—♦—

Ruth Brown: "Dr. Young, why was Adam created first?"

Dr. Young: "Why, to give him a chance to speak, I should think."

—♦—

Dr. Young: "Why do they put B. C. after the dates?"

Miss Goodwin: "Because they didn't know whether the dates were exactly right, so they say 'bout correct'."

—♦—

Miss Powell: "Alma, what are you doing back there—learning anything?"

Alma (rather excited): "Oh! no, just listening to you."

—♦—

Mr. Tyner: "What is horticulture?"

Talley: "Snobbishness."

—♦—

Dr. Young: "Miss Bassett, will you please wake up Miss Prebble?"

Miss Bassett: "You should do that—you put her to sleep."

—♦—

Miss Rosborough: "Is there anything at all you're sure of?"

Julia Ellison: "I'm sure I don't know."

—♦—

Mr. Tyner: "If a man had a cactus hedge around his house, and he ran into it one night, what would he be likely to do the next night?"

Ellen Fox: "He'd come home sober."

Julia Ellison (watching pigs eating): "Mr. Tyner, what do you suppose those pigs are thinking about?"

Mr. Tyner: "I'm sure I don't know."

Julia: "Why, that's easy. They're thinking about how to make hogs of themselves."

Lucy Houston: "How's your radio?"

Miss Haynie: "Fine, wonderful; last night I got a quartette and tuned out the second tenor."

Mr. Tyner: "My dear child, if you didn't loaf you'd be a senior by now."

D. Jones: "But when I loaf I feel like a teacher."

Cele McLaughlin (in Science Class): "Dr. Cook, how many pounds in a ton?"

Dr. Cook (laughing): "Did you ask how many *pounds* in a ton?"

Cele: "Oh! no, I don't mean pounds, but whatever they are."

Harry, riding in a little car drawn by a goat, was stopped at the bridge by the toll taker.

Harry: "Do I have to pay toll?"

Toll Taker: "Yes, it costs 5 cents to cross this bridge."

After an argument, Harry paid the 5 cents and went on. In the afternoon he came back again, only this time he had the goat in the car and Harry was drawing the car himself.

Toll Taker: "Here, you know you've got to pay 5 cents to cross that bridge. Where's your 5 cents?"

Harry (shaking his head): "Don't talk to me; ask the driver."

Woman from Episcopal Church: "I am collecting for the church rummage sale. What do you do with your old clothes?"

Mildred Crawford: "Oh! I hang them up at night and put them on again in the morning."

Miss Bartlett: "What's your idea of a clean sport?"

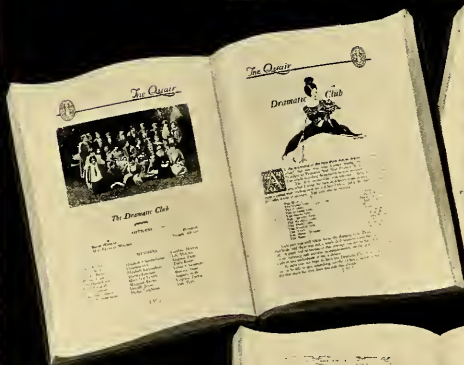
Mary Alice Spillman: "Swimming."







Yearbook
or
Scrapbook
WHICH
?



WHICH?

*A*NNUALS are posterity's record of a school's progress . . . yet these important milestones are often thrown together with a hurried effort, at the eleventh hour, and with but little thought to the beauty and plan of the book as a whole.

Annual Staffs at times give much thought to mechanical details—the paper, type, ink and inserts. The result may be a good-looking book, but it is often a mere scrap-book rather than a living reminder and a permanent record of the school's achievements.

In our contact with an Annual Staff we first try to help determine a definite plan, a continuous theme—and then by a careful attention to the mechanical details we give the Staff ample time for a logical and appropriate interpretation of the selected theme.

We have helped many editors produce creditable Annuals—may we help you?

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M. G. WILLIS, *President*

JNO. G. GOULDMAN, JR., *Cashier*

J. C. PENNEY CO., Inc.

A Nation-Wide Institution

OPERATING 676 STORES

FROM COAST TO COAST

Selling

**LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR
SHOES *and* DRY GOODS**

At **LOWEST - IN-TOWN PRICES**

825 MAIN STREET

FREDERICKSBURG - - - - VIRGINIA

**Smith, Dodd
& Co.**

Insurance

LAW BUILDING

FREDERICKSBURG

VIRGINIA

All College Girls

Buy

Their Jewelry

from

S. S. KAUFMAN

The Leading Jeweler

AT THE SIGN OF THE CLOCK

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

**FEUERHERD'S
QUALITY
SHOP**

Where Only the Best Is Good Enough

DR. J. GARNETT KING

and

DR. C. P. KENNEDY

Dentists

906½ Main Street
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

We Invite You to
***The Sanitary
Beauty Parlor***

For Expert
PERMANENT WAVING
MARCELLING : MANICURING
SHAMPOOING : HAIR CUTTING

Good Service *Reasonable Price*

913 Main Street
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

WHEN at FREDERICKSBURG
Stay at the

PRINCESS ANNE HOTEL

Up to Date in Every Detail

—
C. A. ABBEY, *Mgr.*
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Compliments

of

**WHITE'S
DRUG STORE**

Freshman: Where do jailbirds
come from?

Soph: They are raised from
larks, bats and swallows.

**B. GOLDSMITH
& SON, Inc.**

The Exclusive Agents

for

GOTHAM
GOLD-STRIPE
SILK HOSE
for LADIES
\$1.85

—
The Silk Stocking That Wears

Yellow Cab Service

*Rain, Hail or Shine—
At Your Service All the Time*

WHEELER & THOMPSON

PHONE 505

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

ESTABLISHED 1882

Brent Stores, Inc.

(THREE STORES IN ONE)

DRY GOODS :: HOSIERY
UNDERWEAR
NOTIONS



Ladies', Misses' and Children's
READY-TO-WEAR
MILLINERY

The College Girls' Store
BRENT STORES, INC.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

826 MAIN STREET

Our Slogan—CO-OPERATION

We Cater to the Ladies' Wants

SERVICE MOTOR CO., Inc.

The Better Buick

PHONE 263

SALES *and* SERVICE

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

When Better Automobiles Are Built—Buick Will Build Them

WALTER SNELLINGS

CONTRACTOR

and

BUILDER

High-Grade Mill Work a Specialty

PHONE 781

J. T. BRAUER

Fruits
Vegetables : Groceries
Fresh Meats

FREDERICKSBURG
VIRGINIA

MUSIC
for
DANCING *and*
ENTERTAINMENT

THE WOODING ORCHESTRA

PHONE 653
FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

M. M. LEWIS

Druggist
The REXALL Store

CANDY
SODA WATER
CIGARS

*Mail Orders Given Prompt
Attention*

Commerce Street
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Harris & Brother

Dealers in
GROCERIES *and*
COUNTRY PRODUCE

VIRGINIA CURED HERRING
A SPECIALTY

(SPICE - TREATED)
Packed in Kits for Shipment

613-615 Commerce Street
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

School Shoes for School Girls

■ This store takes pleasure in giving the State Teachers College Students real service, real values and up-to-the-minute styles in Footwear. We shall always be glad to have you look our Shoes over before buying.



BROWN & CRISMOND

FREDERICKSBURG - - - VIRGINIA

He: "Shall we waltz?"

She: "It's all the same to me."

"Yes, I've noticed that."

NORRIS *Jewelry Store*

R. R. BUFFINGTON
Registered Optometrist

Main Street
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Deal with

J. W. Masters, Inc.

... IN ...

LUMBER OF ALL KINDS

LIME

PLASTER : CEMENT

BRICK : TIN

ROOFING

Phone 111

601 Main Street
FREDERICKSBURG - VIRGINIA

Visit

A. C. Wooding

for Your Wants in

DRY GOODS : NOTIONS

LADIES' FURNISHINGS

309 Commerce Street

PHONE 266

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

*Fredericksburg
Newspapers*

The Daily Star

\$3.75 Per Annum

The Free Lance

(TRI-WEEKLY)

\$2.50 Per Year



*Mary had a little car:
She went riding every day,
And, of course, this car of Mary's
Was a CHEVROLET.*

Virginia Motor Co.

*Compliments
of*

J. S. BOWLING

RAILROAD TIES

FREDERICKSBURG
VIRGINIA

You'll Like Our Prices!

*A Shop Exclusively Devoted to the Showing
of*

LADIES' READY - TO - WEAR
MISSSES' READY - TO - WEAR
CHILDREN'S READY - TO - WEAR

and

SMARTEST MILLINERY



MILLER'S

The Store with "Wonder" Prices

818 MAIN STREET
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Fredericksburg's Newest and Smartest Store

'25: Did you hear about Bill
having an arm taken off last night?

'26: No; how did it happen?

'25: He was calling on his girl
and when he put his arm around
her, her father took it off.

My partner hailed from gay Parree;
I asked her for a kiss,
And when she cried, "Non, non!"
to me,

Her tone lacked emphasis.
We danced until the moon was
low,

And at my next demand
She could no longer say, "Non,
non!"

The "oui" hours were at hand.

Wilson Brothers

*Building Materials of
All Kinds
Rough and Dressed
Lumber*

WILSON BROTHERS

FREDERICKSBURG
VIRGINIA

Allene, I won't ever forget how sweet you have been to me during my freshman days at S.C. What would I have done with you? I'm wishing for you and.

The Banner Store

Millinery
Hosiery • *Underwear*
Brassieres
Dry Goods

AT PRICES TO SUIT
YOUR POCKETBOOK

The Banner Store

926 Main Street
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

I. HAPPEL

Dealer in
IMPORTED
NOVELTIES
PERSIAN TAPESTRIES
PICTURES
and
ALL KINDS of GIFTS

Queen said to King: Come quick; the baby has the stomach-ache.

King said to Queen: Go page the Secretary of the Interior.

Telegram to Friend: Wash out on line; cannot come.

Reply: Come anyway. Borrow a shirt.

"The robber wore rubbers and walked backwards," deduced Hawkshaw.

"Ah!" observed the silly mug, "then we must look for a man with receding gums."

**BOSTON
VARIETY
STORE**

Bargains

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY

MAIN STREET
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

SUPERIOR ICE CREAM

Is Made from Pure Pasteurized Milk and Cream
It Is a Healthful Food Product



Manufactured by

FARMERS' CREAMERY COMPANY

FREDERICKSBURG - - - - VIRGINIA

JANNEY-MARSHALL CO., Inc.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA



JOBBERS OF

**FINE CANDIES
CIGARETTES : CIGARS : TOBACCO**

Wholesale Grocers

J. LEWIS WALLACE, *President*

HUGH D. SCOTT, *Cashier*

GEORGE A. SCOTT, *Assistant Cashier*

94 Years of Successful Banking

. . . The . . .

National Bank of Fredericksburg, Va.

"The Rock of Gibraltar — "SAFE for SAVERS"

U. S. Government
Depository

Modern Burglary
Alarm System

Insurance
Against Robbery
and Burglary

SAFE : STRONG

SECURE

Polite Service

THE STORY OF OUR
GROWTH

Deposits, 1917

\$412,554.92

Deposits January 1, 1924

\$1,141,987.11

Deposits January 1, 1926

\$1,316,456.28

OVER 150 PER CENT GAIN

Compound Interest on Savings

Capital Stock and Surplus, \$120,000.00

You Are Protected by Over a Million Dollars of Gilt-Edge Resources

Virginia Electric & Power Company

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Electric Light - Heat - Cooking - Power - Refrigeration

☐ Our service eliminates drudgery from housework and consequently promotes health and pleasure in the management of the home.

☐ To serve Fredericksburg we are now spending over three-quarters of a million of dollars.

☐ Bring us your problems and our best advice is yours free of charge.



VIRGINIA ELECTRIC & POWER COMPANY

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

PHONE 317
General Office

PHONE 41
Sales Department

Best wishes to you
from
Sunder

With love
I can see times
with you
and yours
give
hope
me

¶ The strength of a bank may be indicated by its statement of condition, but it is also measured by the extent and quality of services it is purposed to render. Again we wish to stress our ability to handle satisfactorily your bank account.



THE PLANTERS NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL, SURPLUS and PROFITS, \$150,000.00

FREDERICKSBURG STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Two-Year Diploma Course for teaching (a) Primary Grades (b) Grammar Grades; (c) High School Grades in Junior High School; (d) Home Economics; (e) Commercial Subjects.

Four-Year B. S. Degree Courses leading to teaching or supervising in Elementary or High Schools:

- (a) Academic Subjects (English, History, Mathematics, Science, Latin, French).
- (b) Physical Education.
- (c) Fine and Industrial Arts.
- (d) Commercial Subjects.
- (e) Public School Music.

A Standard Teachers' College, holding membership in the American Association of Teachers' Colleges.

Summer quarter begins June 14. Regular winter school courses given in summer quarter.

Send for winter or summer school catalog and late bulletins.

A. B. CHANDLER, JR., *President*

FREDERICKSBURG - - - - - VIRGINIA

*Distance, you know I love you more. What made
you leave without telling me good-bye? I
hope you have a grand old time at W. & M.
this summer. Write to me while you are
there about you. Madisonville*

R. A. Kishpaugh

STATIONERY
and
PRINTING

VICTROLAS
VICTOR RECORDS
WATERMAN FOUNTAIN PENS
ANSCO CAMERAS and FILMS

Everything for the College

*Compliments
of
V. N. Lanier*
Richard N. Lanier

FREDERICKSBURG
VIRGINIA

IF YOU WANT A

Good Chicken Dinner

GO TO

The COMRITE INN

STAFFORD C. H., VA.

Jones Motor Co.

STUDEBAKER
CADILLAC

Ruggles Accessories

Jones Motor Co.

FREDERICKSBURG
VIRGINIA

A critic says that modern girls
are just educated dolls. He may
be right, but they don't squall for
"Pa-Pa" and "Ma-Ma" when
they're squeezed.

**GEORGE S. GOULDMAN
& COMPANY**

"Say It with Flowers"
CORSAGES : BOUQUETS
and
GRADUATING BOUQUETS
A SPECIALTY
PALMS and FERNS

PHONE 124 - - 913 MAIN STREET

*My name is sweet.
Did we ever meet.
For I wash there.
But look,
Mary, how.*

Fredericksburg, Culpeper, Luray Route

WESTBOUND		P. M.	EASTBOUND		A. M.
LEAVE	Fredericksburg	1:45	LEAVE	Luray	7:45
"	Five Mile Ford	1:57	"	Pumpkin Hill	8:00
"	Chancellorsville	2:10	"	Panorama Resort	8:25
"	Wilderness	2:25	"	Sperryville	8:45
"	Flat Run	2:35	"	Woodville	9:00
"	Lignum	2:47	"	Boston	9:15
"	Stevensburg	3:00	"	Norman	9:30
"	Culpeper	3:20	"	Culpeper	9:45
"	Norman	3:45	"	Stevensburg	10:10
"	Boston	4:00	"	Lignum	10:22
"	Woodville	4:15	"	Flat Run	10:35
"	Sperryville	4:30	"	Wilderness	10:45
"	Panorama Resort	4:45	"	Chancellorsville	10:55
"	Pumpkin Hill	5:20	"	Five Mile Forks	11:12
"	Luray	5:35	"	Fredericksburg	11:20

Center Cross, Tappahannock, Fredericksburg Route

WESTBOUND		A. M.	EASTBOUND		P. M.
LEAVE	Center Cross		LEAVE	Fredericksburg	1:45
"	Ozeana	7:30	"	Maryton	2:15
"	Dunsville	7:37	"	Moss Neck	2:20
"	Brays	7:45	"	Rappahannock Academy ..	2:35
"	Tappahannock	7:55	"	Port Royal	2:50
"	Mt. Landing	8:10	"	Etta	2:55
"	Caret	8:35	"	Return	3:05
"	Champlain	8:40	"	Iraville	3:20
"	Occupacia	8:45	"	Loretta	3:25
"	Chance	8:55	"	Chance	3:35
"	Loretta	9:05	"	Occupacia	3:40
"	Iraville	9:10	"	Champlain	3:50
"	Return	9:25	"	Caret	4:00
"	Etta	9:35	"	Mt. Landing	4:10
"	Port Royal	9:40	"	Tappahannock	4:25
"	Rappahannock Academy ..	9:55	"	Brays	4:35
"	Moss Neck	10:10	"	Dunsville	4:50
"	Maryton	10:20	"	Ozeana	5:00
ARRIVE	Fredericksburg	10:45	"	Center Cross	5:10



CENTER CROSS BUS LINE

Best of lucks and all
the happiness in the world is
all that I have to say.
"Mac"
Mr. Carrick.

THIS IS THE STORE
ALL DISCRIMINATING STUDENTS AND FACULTY
LIKE TO PATRONIZE

WHY?

Because We Live to Serve



GOOLRICK'S MODERN PHARMACY

W. J. LACY

901 MAIN STREET - - FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

Drink . . .

Ice-Cold
COCA-COLA

Coca - Cola
Bottling
Co.

FREDERICKSBURG
VIRGINIA

"Don't you dare swear before
me!"

"Pardon me—go ahead."

Al: Harry's a pretty sick man
from eating something.

Pal: Croquette?

Al: No; I think he'll pull
through.,

WEST
DISINFECTING
COMPANY

Manufacturing
Chemists

RICHMOND -:- VIRGINIA

I sure have missed you
a lot. I will never for-
get how nice you
have been to me this
past year. May I some
time do something
in return. I have
done my best toward
your dinner.
I'll be loving you
always,
Chan' atty



"Fanky"
Ha, Ha.
Know another
good one?
Well, all right, it's
been good to
know you.
Much love
always.
"Fanky":





